THE FORUM
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OUR NEXT PRESIDENT

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THE Presidential campaign this year is decidedly unusual. Not since civil war days have we had a three-cornered political fight in which each of the candidates has seemed to possess, or claimed to possess, an almost equal chance of victory.

The lines of division between the candidates and the parties can be stated concisely: but the results of a mistake at the election can scarcely be realized in their full significance at present. Only by practical and painful experience can the lesson be driven thoroughly home that it is dangerous to tamper with the constitution under which we have grown to our present stature among the nations of the world; and that it is more than dangerous,—it is provoking an inevitable commercial *débâcle,*—to tamper inadvisedly and recklessly with the system of protection under which we have reached an unexampled state of prosperity. To let well alone, may sometimes be a counsel of cowardice: but it is a counsel of common sense not to reject tried and proven institutions and policies in favor of untested and hazardous experiments which, at the best, can offer little that is worth while; and, at the (probable) worst, threaten disorganization and disaster.

One great issue is joined: every vote in the forthcoming election will be cast either for conservatism or for radicalism; for rational reform and assured prosperity, or for innovation, untested experiment, and political and commercial confusion.

Governor Wilson's adherents have accepted the principle of the initiative, referendum and recall of all officials, except the

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judiciary. They would abandon our policy of protection, in the belief that the trusts would then be destroyed, competition be revived, and the high cost of living reduced.

Colonel Roosevelt's followers are dissatisfied both with the Republican and Democratic parties. They are convinced that the Government during the last forty-five years has become the creature of the great financial interests and that the only way of salvation is through the initiative, referendum and recall of all officials, including the judiciary. They also indorse the recall of judicial decisions.

President Taft has the support throughout the nation of all who believe in governmental self-restraint, and in a protective tariff based on the cost of production here and abroad.

It is unnecessary to give more than a passing thought to the Prohibitionists or the Socialists. One may admire the leaders in both parties for their devotion to principle without any prospect of immediate profit: but this year neither party is an important factor in the struggle, though the Socialists may have to be considered eventually.

The issue is confined to the three candidates named, and their respective platforms. As is usual in a Presidential election, some voters will be influenced by the man, some by the platform, and some will vote the regular ticket regardless of man or platform. But none can escape responsibility for their share in deciding whether this is to be a contented and prosperous Commonwealth, rationally governed, true to its traditions, proud of its history; or a mere vivisection laboratory, in which the vital institutions and national life of our country will be dissected and mutilated at the pleasure of experimenters who trust that they will perhaps be able ultimately to reconstruct something resembling or parodying a Constitution and a Republic. But it is easier to destroy than to re-create.

For one hundred and twenty-three years our Government has existed within the lines of the constitution laid down by the Fathers. This Government has been victorious in every foreign war we have engaged in; it has brought us through a supreme crisis, and preserved the integrity of the Union; it has carried us through national poverty into an era of commercial prosperity

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unprecedented in history. The American institutions fostered by our constitution have influenced the entire world; and the American ideals of liberty and equality have been the inspiration of patriots and reformers in every race and in every nation on the globe.

Nothing good has ever been brought into being that has not been accompanied by possibilities of evil. Were this not so the human race would long ago have arrived at the elusive millennium. But if the majority of the results of any institution are good, then that institution should be jealously safeguarded, and all proposed reforms should be thoughtfully conceived and subjected to the most rigid inquiry. We have made mistakes; we cannot acquit ourselves of faults. But the vast majority of the results that have issued from our constitution have been undeniably and consistently beneficial. Why, then, is it now proposed that we shall adopt innovations which carry with them the possibility of completely nullifying this instrument, which is and has been the flesh and blood and very spirit of our Republic?

The recall of the judges is an innovation that has been discussed too fully and too frequently to need detailed consideration here. If engrafted in the machinery of government, it would take from the constitution its substance, and leave only its form. So far from acting as an effective check on corrupt and vicious conditions, it would withdraw from the individual the sole guarantee that he possesses of his rights both as an individual and as a member of society. Supplemented by the recall of judicial decisions, it would substitute chaos for order; replace stability by kaleidoscopic and impossible contradictions; bring into the courts a lower type of men and a nonsensical type of law; and give us, instead of judges, demagogues; instead of liberty, license; instead of security and confidence, distrust and demoralization.

While Governor Wilson's future attitude on most questions is uncertain, he has recently issued a pronouncement against this reform, and is therefore at present not in agreement with his chief political friend, Colonel Bryan, who first brought it into prominence when it was a far less popular suggestion than it is to-day.

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Colonel Roosevelt is a recent convert to the principle and is giving it characteristically vigorous support.

President Taft has refused to accept a proposal both revolutionary and vicious. As a trained lawyer, an honorable judge, and a distinguished jurist and administrator, he defends what he understands and has proved. To guard against abuse, he maintains that all that is necessary is to revise and enforce the impeachment laws, so that it will be possible to remove a judge, should he be found incompetent or corrupt, while assuring to every magistrate immunity from spasmodic popular disapproval and clamor.

The initiative and referendum are not crucial suggestions. They have been unduly emphasized and over-rated. If the voter now pays so little attention to public affairs that he constantly places in the legislative bodies men who refuse to pass good laws, will he suddenly devote his time to the careful study that will be essential when he initiates laws himself and hopes to secure better ones than his representatives have given him? Can such laws, brought forward on petition, possibly receive the benefit of the thoughtful debate that prevails in legislative assemblies? And how will it be possible to amend a proposed law; and what will be substituted for that desirable and necessary procedure?

One of the gravest problems of recent years is due to the economic conditions resulting from the unprecedented and colossal combinations of capital. This natural concentration of industry was chiefly brought about during the administrations of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, though neither they nor their administrations can be held responsible for such a development. But the trusts came with some suddenness into being, and into notoriety; and as a result, the Federal Government and the State Governments were perplexed as to how to deal with them. The laws in existence had been conceived and slowly developed for individuals dealing as individuals, or for combinations on a small scale; and when these great combinations made their appearance, the problem involved both the application of the existing laws and the formulation of new laws.

Whatever the nominal result of the prosecutions instituted

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under the Sherman anti-trust law by the present and the preceding administration, there is no doubt that business on a big scale has come to stay. Trusts are commercially progressive. Big Business cannot be annihilated: politics can merely define the limits which may not be exceeded. Governor Wilson offers destruction as the only cure. This is the sum and substance of all that he has said on the subject. Colonel Roosevelt advocates Federal incorporation and control. This, apart from any question of States' rights, would centre enormous power in the Executive, and create a situation that might easily lead to a practical dictatorship. President Taft is favorable to the establishment of an Interstate Commission which shall have powers similar to those of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but applied to industrial corporations. This is progressive and constructive. It preserves the benefits of combination while preventing the evils of monopoly. It is not combination, but the abuse of combination, that is dangerous to the community. The abuses may be removed while the advantages are retained. It is not necessary to kill the cow in order to sterilize the milk.

The Democrats are relying a great deal on their free-trade propaganda. They believe they are advocating just what the country needs and is now resolved to have. They are curiously deceiving themselves. There is no large class of people in this country that desires free trade. The manufacturer does not,—the laborer does not,—the farmer does not,—if we are to judge by his attitude on the Reciprocity bill. The same is true of the merchant, both big and little. The idea does not seem popular in the South, especially when applied to Southern products: it is not regarded with favor in the East or in the West. Governor Wilson himself has no concrete opinion whatsoever on the subject. Free trade and high protection seem to him to be one and the same thing. Nevertheless, the Democrats are pledged by their platform to free trade, and the question is on what basis do they found their opinion that this policy is essential to our national prosperity?

They cannot found their doctrine of the necessity of change on the business that is being done here, every day, providing more work at higher wages than in any other country in the

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world, and making it possible for American workmen, year by year, to put in the banks savings which total millions,—to say nothing of the large contributions to their labor organizations, and other enormous sums sent to their friends and relatives in Europe. Crops that total in the aggregate eight to nine billions of dollars in a year would not seem to demand free trade. Factories producing about twenty billions of products annually, apparently can worry along under the principle of protection. It is difficult, then, to see how the Democrats have arrived at their conclusion. But it is generally difficult to see how the Democrats arrive at any conclusion that is not dictated by the Bryan interest.

What is really demanded by the people is a reduction of the tariff to a level based on the cost of production here and abroad. We have no desire to maintain an absurdly high tariff on any line of products, merely giving unreasonable profits to a few capitalists; but we cannot permit Congress to play with the tariff as recklessly as did the Sixty-Second Congress under Democratic control. Yet the Democrats will force free trade upon us if they come into power; and Governor Wilson will not be likely to veto any tariff-slashing bills presented to him.

To reduce the tariff without necessitating the reduction of wages, and to arrange the schedules on a scientific and reasonable basis, requires a knowledge of the cost of production here and abroad, and of all relevant conditions. This, of course, is the purpose for which the Tariff Board was established. President Taft knew that a general reduction all along the line would, in many cases, be insufficient, while in others it would be excessive; with the result that some products would still be burdensome in price to the consumer, while in other cases our labor would be forced to accept a much lower wage than the existing rate. He therefore refused to countenance any haphazard or unregulated revision of the tariff.

Universal free trade is supposed to make it possible to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. But applied to our country to-day, whom would it benefit, and whom would it not injure? It would inure to the great profit of densely populated countries; but in those sparsely settled, industry would al-

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most disappear. Capital would prefer investing in enterprises in India, for example, rather than in Australia. China would be more attractive to money than would Canada; and though we in the United States are better off with regard to population than these two English colonies, we must nevertheless bear in mind that our ninety-four millions is only about 30 to the square mile, as against China with approximately 300 or Europe with 125. This, in conjunction with our small merchant marine, would leave us in a very poor competitive position. It is true that we have a vast agricultural acreage and enormous natural resources; but we are still relatively very poor in that most essential asset of national wealth,—population.

Even if we should establish free trade, other nations are not necessarily going to follow suit. We could no more bring about universal free trade than we could bring about the millennium. We should not have the benefit of selling in the dearest market or buying in the cheapest. We should have to compete with European and even with Asiatic labor, and our industries could not possibly continue business on the scale of wages at present established. Every self-governing colony of free-trade England recognizes the force of this contention, and they have all built high tariff walls as a matter of self-preservation.

Protection is absolutely essential to the material prosperity of this country. If President Taft is re-elected, he will in all probability carry with him a majority in Congress; protection will be assured, with the revision of the tariff on sensible and scientific lines. If Colonel Roosevelt were elected, he could not possibly carry with him enough Congressmen to constitute a majority; and whatever he wished or did not wish to do with the tariff, the public would be bound to suffer from the Government's legislative impotence.

If Governor Wilson is elected, the tariff wall will be completely demolished, and with it, the chief cause and guarantee of our material prosperity.

The question of the high cost of living is a very vital and personal one; and in considering the problem we are too apt to come to the conclusion that we are experiencing a condition that

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exists nowhere else; and, therefore, that it must be due to some policy which our Government is pursuing. When we have arrived at that point, we immediately proceed to blame the tariff. As a matter of fact, the upward trend in the curve of the prices of commodities is world-wide. It exists partly because the population of the world has increased during the last fifty years in a far greater ratio than ever before. Hitherto, the advance in numbers had been slower and comparatively steady; there was time for natural adjustment of economic conditions, while there was also enough unoccupied territory accessible to provide for any excessive growth in countries already too densely populated. But in the last half century, practically all the vacant lands have been settled: those still unoccupied are for the time being shut out from the world to a greater or less extent by imperfect means of communication and transport, or by purely natural conditions.

On the other hand, labor has been drawn away from the agricultural districts by the development of great factories, decreasing the producing class and adding to the consuming class; so that within a decade in this country manufactured products have increased from a total value of $13,004,400,143 in 1900, to $20,672,051,870 in 1910, while the farm products in bulk have remained almost the same, with a total acreage of about two per cent. less.

The enormously increased production of gold has, of course, also been largely responsible for the rise in prices.

The protective tariff, therefore, cannot be made the scapegoat for the increased cost of living: it has given us prosperity in spite of high prices, not high prices without prosperity.

Governor Wilson has done excellent work in the course of his active educational career; and all reasonable men will deprecate the attempts that have been made by some newspapers and magazines to harp upon the mere word "professor" and to imply that it is almost a personal reflection upon the Democratic candidate that he should have been a scholar and an educator. The only valid point that can be taken is whether the ex-president of Princeton is a scholar and an educator both primarily and finally, and not even secondarily a statesman.

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This remains to be proved or disproved: but his life work and life experiences have not been those which would fit him for the Presidency of the United States. His knowledge of economic conditions is not merely theoretic and untested: it is inconsistent, invertebrate. Since he became Governor of New Jersey, he has gained some experience in the practical handling of political problems; but should he be elected President he would be confronted with issues that must be settled, not evaded; and if he is not strong enough to be the master, he will find himself the servant, of some very shrewd professional politicians who are eagerly waiting for the opportunity to exploit an untried Executive. Confidence in a strong personality is permissible; but Governor Wilson has given the public no grounds whatever for believing that he would emerge at the end of four years with anything but failure written across his administration.

If the Democrats are successful this year, there will be the same scramble for personal advantage that occurred in 1892, when Grover Cleveland brought his party into power, but failed utterly to hold it in hand when the mad rush for personal gain was made. Why should we expect that Governor Wilson should be able to do what Cleveland could not? The Governor's short political history does not indicate that he possesses stable convictions, or the courage of such convictions as he has, in sufficient degree to warrant his handling intricate problems of government. He rides into office on the shoulders of ex-Senator James Smith, and then repudiates him. He writes to a friend to inquire if William Jennings Bryan cannot in some way be knocked into a "cocked hat," and then forms an iron-clad alliance with Colonel Bryan three years later. He has expressed very pronounced views on the subject of immigration, and now tries to wriggle out of the situation by extremely weak and evasive explanations. His ideas on the general problems of government, on the tariff, labor, trusts and things in general, are hard to ascertain, since he rarely expresses the same opinion twice. Ever since he launched himself in political life he has spent so much time in altering his views of men and issues, in explaining and re-explaining, and explaining away his re-explanations, that it would seem he cannot take a decided stand on any

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matter for any appreciable length of time. What, then, could be hoped from him in the White House? His inexperience spells not merely inefficiency, but disaster. We are in the midst of an era of what may be called explosive politics, and only an expert can be trusted in supreme charge, or we may parallel in our ship of state the catastrophes that have but recently sent fine ships and gallant men to the floor of the sea, with little warning, and only one lesson: that high explosives are always dangerous. It does not need a foreign enemy to destroy the pride of a navy or the hope of a nation. A President without knowledge, steadfastness, or confidence, can do more harm than a hostile battle fleet.

Would Colonel Roosevelt be a more acceptable leader? He has had experience: but has he retained sincerity and acquired disinterestedness? When he interjected himself in his usual impetuous manner into the pre-convention campaign, and attempted to wrest the nomination from President Taft, he was aided both by those who conscientiously differed from the President in political beliefs, and by those who desired an open breach merely because they had special interests of their own to serve. But the Republicans in the States that had given the President their electoral vote in 1908 continued, almost without exception, to show their confidence in him by indorsing his administration in the State Conventions held in 1910 and 1911. The New York State Convention held in 1910 emphatically indorsed the President for his work during the eighteen months that he had held office. Colonel Roosevelt was then in command, and the complete and enthusiastic approval that he gave to the record of these eighteen months covered the most unpopular part of the President's term. The Payne-Aldrich Tariff bill, the President's position with regard to the Reciprocity measure, the Ballinger-Pinchot affair, were then matters of history. The Colonel's change of front since those days of cordiality is too evidently due, not to policies and disinterested convictions, but to personal motives and questions of expediency.

A belief no doubt developed in the minds of the Republican leaders in various States that the Democratic landslide in 1910 was the result of the President's personal unpopularity in the

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nation. It was this belief, and not any matter of record or conviction, that prompted them to attack Mr. Taft, in order that they might safeguard their personal interests.

The issues raised in the pre-convention campaign were almost entirely State issues. The President was held responsible for almost every unpopular condition existing, and credit was withheld from him in almost every instance where credit was due. It is not pleasant to dwell upon the campaign then organized by the Roosevelt forces, a campaign largely of calumny and misrepresentation. Reputations were buried, which can never be recovered from that frenzied sepulture. As President of the United States, Colonel Roosevelt had established a splendid record of achievements. As a candidate for a third term, he established a record of indecency that cannot be palliated or forgiven. There would seem to be no utterance that he has made, which he is not capable of repudiating; no principle that he has accepted, which he is not ready to condemn,—to secure votes; no principle that he has condemned, which he is not ready to accept,—to secure more votes. He has contrived to ally himself ostensibly with a supposedly progressive platform. He has allied himself, in reality, with a form of personal egotism and unrestrained demagoguism that is entirely alien from the spirit and the traditions of our country, and absolutely incompatible with the maintenance of republican institutions and national security.

President Taft alone in this contest stands squarely and unequivocally for the welfare of the Republic. He declines to be cajoled by any proposal which would transform the judges into professional politicians. He refuses to be misled by false issues and fallacies, to be swayed by the clamor of the moment or to sacrifice the country's splendid heritage for a mess of political pottage. He stands for the preservation, in its essential spirit, of the constitution; for sanity, progress, and security. His policy with regard to the trusts has been consistent and undeviating. He has maintained, and the Supreme Court has upheld his contention, that combinations effected with the purpose of acquiring a monopoly are illegal; and wherever the evidence warranted, he has instituted criminal proceedings. In this policy he has promoted the interests of the great majority of the busi-

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ness men and manufacturers of the country, with their vast army of employees. The number of concerns affected by the prohibitions of the anti-trust law is very small when compared with the great number of producers and business men whose interests are furthered by the strict and impartial enforcement of the law. It is these men who represent the bone and sinew of the industry of the United States, as the President himself has declared. They would be the first to suffer from the general depression which would inevitably follow the victory of those who oppose protection and advocate measures which run the gamut from radical tariff reduction to absolute free trade. They are the ones who would have suffered most from the ill-considered tariff bills passed by the Democrats; and they would suffer severely from the uncontrolled combination of business which is prohibited by the Sherman law.

In the face of almost immediate intervention in Mexico, in which event our entire army would have been called out, both the regulars and the State militia, the Sixty-Second Congress, with its Democratic majority, passed a bill which carried with it the abolition of five regiments of cavalry, thereby reducing this branch of the service from 15,000 to 10,000. In order to force the President's approval, they attached riders embodying appropriations for the care of current expenses of the Government and for the payment of the old soldiers' pensions then due. This failed to prevent the veto. The President refused to be coerced into disloyalty to the country. But the Democratic Congress must bear the odium of its actions: it spent its time in trying to embarrass the President and secure campaign material, when it should have been attending to the business of the nation. The refusal to provide for an adequate navy in the very face of their platform pledge at Baltimore is both an indelible disgrace, and a crime for which the country will have to pay heavily. The total record of achievement is small: the total record of failure is immense and menacing.

Governor Wilson's broad culture and fine personal attainments, his unimpeached integrity and sincerity, make him an attractive figure: but his life has been spent apart from the practical issues of the world, and his experience and his party affilia-

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tions absolutely disqualify him for the Presidency. His election would place an incompetent man in the White House, and a vote for him is a vote for failure.

Colonel Roosevelt's curious mixture of anarchism, socialism and opportunism precludes him from consideration. His election would Mexicanize our Government. A vote for him is a vote for the destruction of the Republic.

President Taft has made mistakes, but he has established also a splendid and enduring record. He stands for steadfastness and integrity; he stands between the constitution and its ruin; he stands between American labor and its forced competition with European and Asiatic labor. He is a conservative, but not a reactionary. He has stood the test of calumny and a campaign of unparalleled virulence; and his popularity in the country is now steadily mounting to its true level. His re-election is imperative. It means continued prosperity and honest reform. A vote for him is a vote for progress, for the security of the Republic, for the safeguarding of the vital interests and traditions of the nation.

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THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE: ITS PREROGATIVES AND POSSIBILITIES

JOHN WALKER HOLCOMBE

THE devolution of the executive power has ever been the weak spot in systems of government. When ancient nations outgrew the primitive idea of the divinity of their kings, the problem of transmission of supreme power from ruler to ruler was solved by the strong man with the sword. With the exception of the few most enlightened peoples for comparatively brief periods of their career, the progress of nations has been checkered by wars and massacres to determine the sovereignty.

The governments of Europe enjoyed little stability till the principle of hereditary succession became fixed in their constitutions. Where this principle was imperfectly recognized there was turmoil, where it failed entirely extinction followed. It is not necessary to cite illustrations of these propositions from English and continental or ancient history, nor to argue the perils of republics in the revolutions of our American neighbors.

Therefore, when a people undertake to select their own rulers, the method of doing so is of the utmost importance. In its every step, in all its procedure, it must be simple, direct, easily understood. There must be no elaborate and involved minutiæ, out of which confusion may arise, or into which uncertainty may be injected by designing persons.

When our ancestors threw off royal rule, the old problem faced them, and in the Constitutional Convention this was regarded as one of the most difficult questions. There were no satisfactory precedents. Many of the delegates were versed in history, but they learned therefrom of the wreckage of states through feebleness of the executive power or imperfect methods of its transmission. After careful consideration of various plans, they adopted the method of election of the President by Electors "appointed" in the several States, and equal in number to the Senators and Representatives in Congress. They rejected after thorough discussion the proposal of election by suffrage of all

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the voters, possibly because they distrusted the people, as has been alleged, perhaps also because they saw that election by general ballot would not be a real choosing by the people.

The persons to be voted for must be selected, designated, nominated, by some mortal agency. That agency, unless a single dictator, must be a body of men, small enough for discussion. Consequently, some junta or caucus would dictate candidates, that is, select the President. In order that this service might not fall to an irresponsible oligarchic body, the authors of the constitution created a responsible body clothed with full and final power both to choose and elect, exercising this power under the solemn sanctions of an oath of office and duty to the people, by whom now they are directly elected. This body was to represent as nearly as possible the States and the people of the States, and to embody their highest wisdom and virtue. Meeting as "a grand Electoral College," it was to be at once the nominating convention and plenary elective agency of the nation.

There can be no doubt but the Electoral College in this form would have proved itself a reality, would have vindicated its prerogatives and actually chosen our Presidents to this day. Its members would not have tolerated dictation from without, but would have procured immunity from pressure and undue influence through protective statutes enforced by the courts. But most unluckily the Convention changed its perfected plan at the last moment, and thereby unwittingly negatived its own will. In apprehension of the difficulties and expense of travel in that day, the Electors were permitted to meet and vote in their several States. Thus the power of making a choice was annihilated; the Electors were paralyzed in their essential function.*

Why the fatal result of this after-thought amendment was not foreseen, may be partly explained by conditions then existing. In the person of Washington the immediate candidate for all

* Bancroft summarizes substantially as follows: "And now the whole march to the mode of election of the President may be surveyed. The Constitutional Convention at first reluctantly conferred that office on the national legislature, voting in joint ballot. To escape from danger of cabal and corruption, it next transferred full and final power of choice to an Electoral College that should be the exact counterpart of the joint convention of the two Houses of Congress in the representation of the States, as well as the population of the States, and should meet at the seat of government. . . . From confidence in the purity of

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electoral votes needed no nomination, and several other statesmen stood forth so distinguished by great services that the inevitability of contemporary selections obscured the fact that the first step in the process, the agreement upon a person on whom enough votes could be concentrated to effect an election, would be the prime difficulty of all. Also, the committee of correspondence was a familiar agency of that time. Through committees of correspondence, worked up by the Revolutionary patriots in the New England towns and in the counties of the middle and southern colonies, public sentiment had been aroused and united, agreement on policies and concert of action brought about. By their means conventions had been called and the colonial Assemblies had been influenced to send delegates to the Continental Congress; all the machinery which carried through the war for independence and the formation of the constitution, had been created. The expedient of correspondence among the Electors might be used to effect unity of choice. But if this was regarded as the appropriate means, it was speedily nullified, not only by other influences, but by legislation which required the Electors to give and certify their votes one month after their own election, allowing no sufficient time for correspondence.*

However this may be, as soon as it became necessary really to make and agree upon a choice, the Electors found themselves powerless to do so. They therefore accepted such advice as was tendered or forced upon them from without. In the early years of the Republic, the needed advice was supplied by various self-constituted caucuses or committees, which in turn assumed the function, until finally, with the stronger organization of political parties, the national nominating convention became an established institution. Now the choice is actually made by a voluntary extra-legal and irresponsible convention, or some clique

the electoral body thus established, the re-eligibility of the executive was again affirmed. . . . . Then fearing that so large a number of men would not travel to the seat of government for that single purpose or might be hindered on the way . . . . nor would the first characters in the State feel sufficient motives to undertake the electoral office . . . . the thought arose that the Electors might cast their votes in their own several States, and transmit the certificates of the votes to the general legislature."—*History of the Constitution,* Vol. II, p. 184.

* The time was extended in 1887 to the second Monday in January.

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within such a convention. It is accomplished not through wise deliberation, but through every art of political strategy, accompanied with excitement and uproar. The reality of this extra-legal choice is not affected by the custom that two or more conventions present rival candidates, from whom the people indirectly select one. The fact remains that one of these conventions chooses the President in the first instance, and thus usurps the power of a constitutional body elected by the people. In so doing it usurps the rights of the people themselves.

That the people are aware of, and deeply dissatisfied with, this usurpation of their rights by irresponsible conventions, is evidenced by the rapid spread of the system of primary elections, the enactments of several States and the numerous bills in State legislatures and in Congress, proposing to elect delegates to party conventions by popular vote, and to instruct them as to candidates by party primaries. This paper endeavors to show that such bills as to Presidential elections are framed on erroneous principles.

In the first place the law ought not to attempt to control politics. In his politics and religion the citizen is free. It has ever been our theory that the voluntary activities of citizens in forming parties, assembling in conventions and carrying on political campaigns, are outside the sphere of law, that legislation is for the whole people, recognizing no sects, parts or parties. Accordingly it is improper for the law to prescribe the election of delegates or provide for instructing them or regulate the holding of conventions. But the law may altogether prohibit such activities, whether in or out of conventions, so far as they impair the freedom of any constituted agency of the government.

Furthermore, it is believed that no plan of electing delegates to party conventions, and expressing Presidential preferences, and certifying such preferences and instructing such delegates, can be devised, which will not violate the necessary rule of simplicity, and seriously impair the political liberties of the citizen. On inspection of a few proposed bills, one is astonished at the elaborate and complicated provisions and minute instructions and enormous expense found necessary to make the system effective. The enactment of such a measure would raise up a class of spe-

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cialist lawyers and professional politicians to operate it, and the consequent reign of confusion is unpleasant to contemplate.

Again, it is doubtful whether the people would remain satisfied with such a system. They have recognized the abuses of huge conventions, which become more glaring with each perpetration. The people are turning to the primary election, which they desire as a substitute for, not an aggravation of, the nominating convention. They wish to express their preferences among Presidential candidates, but they do not wish their expression to pass through the medium of party conventions. Such a medium is highly undesirable, and it is emphatically urged that it be not fixed by law upon our electoral system.

To complicate the preferential primary with the national conventions would be a calamity of the first magnitude. Little less calamitous would be the elaborate hierarchy of State boards and national boards, composed of salaried members appointed by the President, which are the substitutes proposed for the certifying function of party conventions. The extent to which these bills propose to regulate elections appears to infringe upon the province of the State legislatures, to which the constitution gives the power to determine the manner of appointing the Electors. All these difficulties are avoided by prohibiting any form of dictation either to the people as voters at large or to their chosen Electors. Let there be party organizations to proclaim and promote party principles, but let there be no nominating of candidates for President by caucuses, conventions or petitions, in advance of the general election. Party activity may be directed to the nomination of candidates for Electors, to be chosen under State laws. Here party organizations may have free scope, to bring forward robust partizans who, if chosen Electors, will fight vigorously for party principles and party men.

The influence of the people will be profoundly felt by the Electors. They are the responsible agents, elected and commissioned by the people; they are themselves of and from the people, among whom they live and move and have their being. They know and feel the popular sentiments in which they fully share, and in the performance of their duties they will prove a sensitive reflector of public opinion. Why then should there be two or

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three or more enormous assemblies to pervert or color the popular will, when the constitution has created a body of men duly elected, authorized and competent to receive and express that will? It is only necessary to call them together.

In those words is the key to the question. While the constitution requires the Electors to meet and vote in their several States, it nowhere prohibits them from assembling in a body for consultation. Indeed, as has been shown above, such was the perfect plan in its original form. They were to meet in convention, and both choose and elect. The change which rendered them powerless to choose, was made on account of the expense and difficulty of travel, a reason which no longer exists. The reason having passed for that feature which defeated their excellent plan, it seems a duty to our Revolutionary Fathers, to eliminate the obstruction and make their plan workable. Let the Electors be called together to nominate candidates, and then return to their States to cast and certify their votes. For this no amendment to the constitution is necessary, nor *theoretically* the enactment of any law. They have a perfect right to do this of their own motion, and no court or magistrate could say them nay. If the Electors appointed on November 5th should immediately assemble in the city of St. Louis and agree to elect Senator La Follette President and Representative Underwood Vice-President, and should afterwards cast a majority of votes for those gentlemen in the manner prescribed by law, such election would be valid in every respect. But *practically*, the Electors cannot hold a convention without help from Congress. Dispersed over the whole country and without organization or power of initiative, they cannot well agree upon a place of meeting and make preliminary arrangements; nor can they be expected to render such service without compensation and at their own expense. Congress should, therefore, provide for a meeting of the Electoral College in convention at some city centrally located, and make suitable appropriation therefor.

For other reasons legislation is necessary. Electors cannot and will not disregard the dictation of party conventions, so long established in the thought and customs of the land. As has been argued above, the law ought not to regulate the voluntary politi-

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cal activities of citizens, but it ought to prohibit all activities which impair the freedom of any lawful agency of the government. There are laws to protect the Congress and its members in their absolute freedom, laws to protect the Executive and the courts. Now the Electoral College, let it be repeated again and again, is a governmental agency of the highest importance, imbedded in the constitution itself and clothed with the most solemn responsibility. Accordingly, the nomination of candidates for President or Vice-President by unauthorized agencies or assemblies should be prohibited.

It may be interesting to consider how the system here advocated would work in practice. Assume that in the year 1916 there have been no nominating conventions and no persons have been proclaimed candidates for President and Vice-President. The Electors, numbering five hundred and thirty-one, have been chosen at the November elections by direct vote of the people, and Congress has designated a city and made suitable appropriation for the meeting. The College assembles, chooses temporary officers in the usual manner, by whom the roll of members is made up, and the body conducted to a permanent parliamentary organization.

The College adopts such rules as may be necessary for its special work, and proceeds to business. Candidates will naturally be presented in nominating speeches, and there will be a lining up of Electors by parties. If the smaller parties of the country, the socialist, the prohibitionist, woman's suffrage, labor, etc., have chosen any Electors, these will doubtless make themselves heard, and may wield some influence. Under present conditions the real contest will be between Republicans and Democrats. Party caucuses will be held, in which different factions will contend for their favorites, and the name agreed upon by the Electors of each party will be presented to the College. The voting will be conducted in any manner the body may order, *viva voce,* by count of heads, by call of the roll, by ballot or otherwise, and if one party have a majority a nomination will easily be made. If there be no majority of any party, there being three or more parties represented, the situation may become difficult, but always less difficult and with better chances of solu-

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tion than in elections by the House of Representatives, under existing constitutional rules. The College will appreciate its imperative duty to nominate a candidate who will receive in the formal election a majority of all the Electoral votes. The wisdom and patriotism of such an assemblage will find a way. A rule of elimination, dropping the name or names lowest on the list after each voting, would speedily effect a nomination, and enough members of the least numerous party or parties might pledge their Electoral votes to the candidate thus named, to assure his election. A candidate for Vice-President having been chosen in the same manner, the Electors will return to the several States, and assembling in their capitols on the day appointed by law will give, certify and transmit their votes in the regular manner, the nominees of the convention receiving a safe majority. Indeed, so beneficent a change in our party life might be expected, with the disappearance of long and irritating personal campaigns, that, after a fair and open contest in the assembled College, the formal election might often be practically unanimous.

Among other advantages of this plan, the election need never be thrown into the House of Representatives, an expedient which has proved in the past unsatisfactory and perilous. Witness our narrow escape from the election of Aaron Burr, averted by the change of a single vote after many ballots; witness the deep chagrin of the growing majority at the defeat of General Jackson, engendering a bitterness which survived many years. Witness also the extreme peril of the Hayes-Tilden controversy. The present situation is very grave. The declarations of nominees in several States that, if chosen Electors, they will vote for candidates other than those of their party; the efforts to enjoin such action in the courts; the resignation of nominees from the electoral ticket; the projection of rival tickets into the field, denote a confusion which may in a few weeks develop into a contest as undesirable as any in the past.

In no reactionary spirit, therefore, but with views thoroughly progressive, the writer urges a return for relief to the wisdom of the Fathers, by making effective their admirable device, the Electoral College. This may be accomplished by a surprisingly simple enactment, and in conclusion of the argument there is here

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submitted a draft of what may be called a Bill of Assistance, as follows:

A BILL

To assist the Presidential Electors in the performance of their duties.

WHEREAS, the constitution confers on the Electors the full power to elect the President and Vice-President of the United States; and

WHEREAS, it was the original plan of the authors of the Constitution that the Electors should assemble in one place and perform their function as a united body or College, but this plan was changed by reason of the difficulties of travel, a reason which no longer exists; therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

That the Electors appointed in all the States shall assemble as the Electoral College within thirty days from their appointment, to confer respecting and to nominate suitable persons for the office of President and of Vice-President. They shall be allowed suitable compensation and provision for expenses, and such secretaries, clerks and other assistants as they may find necessary, and appropriations shall be made therefor as for other expenses of the Government. Nominations for the office of President or Vice-President in any manner other than as herein prescribed shall be unlawful, and every person who shall attempt to effect such unlawful nominations shall be liable to a fine of not less than two hundred dollars or imprisonment for not less than two months, or both.

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THE HERITAGE

Alfred Noyes

I

"NOTHING can save you," said the gray-haired man with the Bismarckian face; "nothing except a prolonged course of good gross materializing dissipation."

The wide windows of the room in which this curious remark was made were on the western side of the castle, and a scent of many roses wandered through them from the whispering gardens below. The sunset behind misty blue trees faintly colored and subdued the whole scene, so that even on the table at which the three men lingered, all "gross materialities" were beginning to vanish. Silver and fruit, glass and flowers, were delicately blurred and softened, as if the beautiful vagueness of the distance had stolen quietly into the room and the things of Time were slowly melting into a luxuriously mellow Nirvana. The old man with the long white hair stared sadly out at the evening sky, while the boy of twenty, to whom the man with the Bismarckian face had spoken, folded and unfolded a sheet of blank white notepaper and at last pulled it into fidgety shreds with his nervous and irritable fingers.

"What the devil are you doing with that?" snapped the Bismarckian face.

The boy chuckled to himself in an odd way that drew the old man's gaze from the sunset for a moment.

"Making a rose, uncle, out of paper," he said. "Look!" And he held the bunch of white shreds up to catch the colored light.

"But, speaking seriously, Denis," his uncle continued, with the dogged look of a man wading out of a sea of folly to the solid and reasonable earth, "speaking seriously, Denis, you must marry Stephanie."

"Well, uncle,"—Denis tossed his paper rose to the wolfhound at his feet—"if you say I must, I suppose there's an

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end of it. But—isn't one supposed to—er—fall in love or something of that sort before one goes about marrying people?"

"Love!" cried the hot-faced man. "Love is all very well for tinkers, but you ought to know by this time, Denis, that in our family, marriages are a serious matter. We don't mate like hedge sparrows."

"Of course not," the old man chirruped, "of course not. Our marriages have always been *arranged.*"

"Love!" cried the hot-faced man again; "what sort of an animal would your dog there be, what would your horses be like, if we trusted the breed to the good-luck of love?"

"I'd be a little more likely to believe in all that, uncle, if our arrangements, as you call them, had ever been made with a scientific eye to the breed. But when have people like ourselves ever cared twopence about that? A pretty lot, physically, some of our ancestors have been. You know as well as I do that the scientific eugenics of people like ourselves have always been concerned with the union of money-bags and estates, and never, never, never," his voice rose to a shrill note, "never with the personal qualities of people, physical or mental."

"Don't the money-bags enable them to acquire qualities, give them opportunities, extending over many generations, to——"

"Oh, I know that's the common claptrap—pardon me—of the politicians who deal in people like ourselves. But look at my spindleshanks! Will all our money-bags help me to jump a five-barred gate? And look at Stephanie's pretty forget-me-not eyes! Will all the estates in the world give her one touch of imagination? And, to make things worse, by taking away what I call 'love' you take away the only thing that does lay stress on personal qualities, you take away the only element of choice and real selection in the whole affair. Why on earth should we deceive ourselves, uncle? You're not addressing a public meeting. I've promised to sell my soul for you. But we may as well tell each other the truth about it. Our eugenics are of the money-bags and the estates, and they always have been."

"Dear me! Dear me!" chirped the old man, looking

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nervously from face to face as if he feared an outbreak, not of mere violence, but of something uncanny. "How very vehement you are, Denis! Aren't you?"

The question lay so entirely on those conventional surfaces where there is nothing but agreement that he might have been speaking of the weather; and it was with a sort of eagerness to remain on those levels that he continued his bright-eyed and bird-like small talk.

"What was that word you used—eugenics? How very odd it sounds, doesn't it? I suppose it is a new word. Our marriages were always *arranged*. Weren't they, Michael?"

Michael took no notice of his father. His face was fiery with drink; but the drink was not the cause of the wild glow in his eyes or the curious deliberation with which he lifted his liqueur-glass, glowing like an emerald against the soft gold of the sunset, held it there for a moment, drank and set it down. He, too, seemed to be wrestling with some obscure fear, though he met it in another way, and was able to hold it down with the iron hands of his will.

"A pretty color, those peaches, aren't they?" he said gruffly; then he laughed and went on rapidly: "Why, Denis, she's a year younger than yourself; and I'll wager you've never clapt eyes on a more—what shall I say to please you?—more lovable girl, eh? Yet you look as if you were going to execution."

He pointed to the garden, where a tall slim girl wandered slowly out of the blue twilight of a rose-trailing alley. Her thick red-gold hair was dark enough to look like a beautiful little black cloud against the glowing sky; and, under the cloud, her small face, delicate and fair as a flower, looked almost olive-colored against that brilliance.

"Now, Denis," he said, almost pleadingly, "go out and make yourself charming to her."

"You can be so very charming, Denis," the old man chimed in; "nobody more so, when you please."

The girl herself put an end to the hesitation of Denis by waving to him. He made his way out, and his uncle turned almost fiercely to the old man.

"If he weathers the present crisis, it is just possible that he

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will live down the family taint. I'm sure he will. He's as healthy as a colt. But his eyes had that bestial vacancy, once or twice, when he was talking. I hate it. I could have struck him across the face when I saw it. He looked as if he were going to have one of his grandfather's visions. I believe he is often quite unconscious of his surroundings; but so are many other imaginative youngsters; and I don't believe he has yet begun to see things that are not there—which is, I suppose, the next step to not seeing things which are there."

"Don't say that, Michael. Don't say that," replied the other with a sigh that seemed to shake his whole frame. "It would be too sad! Oh, it would be too, too sad."

"Oh, he's a healthy lad enough; but why do you suppose he doesn't want to marry a girl like Stephanie? Because he isn't in love with her? No young man ever drew back from such a marriage with a really pretty and charming girl for a purely negative reason of that kind. There must be some one else in the case, eh?"

Michael spoke as if he hoped there were; but it was evident that another alternative lay in his mind, half-strangled, but gnawing and preying upon him still.

"I wonder! I really do wonder! No doubt you are right, Michael. There must be some one else."

"It's nobody that *we* know. I wonder if he is up to any pranks. He slips away, almost every night, to the little firwood by the lake. Some gardener's daughter, I suppose. Of course, it's useless to ask him; but it must be stopped."

Michael was not the man to be very particular in these matters. His attempts to wrap that dreadful, half-strangled something else in the ludicrously small cloak of his virtue, were almost pathetic.

"It must be stopped," he went on. "I shall follow him if he goes there to-night. We must have no scandal during his engagement."

"No! no! You are quite right, Michael," quavered his father. "At all costs there must be no scandal. All through my life I have tried to avoid that."

"Of course, he will have his fling, as we all did at his age——"

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"All did at his age," came the echo.

"But he'll make a fine man, a fine man."

"I think you are very fond of the boy, Michael"; and there was a curious note of wistfulness in the voice of the old man, as if saying that he himself would be glad and grateful for a share in that fondness.

II

"Oh, it will be great fun," said Stephanie to Denis, as they walked through the blue gloom of another rose-trailing alley, at the end of which they could still see the last green and golden streaks of the sunset. "And all the butchers' and bakers' and candlestick-makers' wives for miles round will come to see us married and they'll say that we fell in love with each other under Chinese lanterns at some horrid little *fête* in a moonlit garden; and all their elementarily educated sons and daughters will try to look cynical and say 'pshaw'! And all their husbands,—can't you see them, Denis, hundreds and hundreds of them?—all sitting sneering over their tepid tea and muffins and saying that the whole affair had been a matter of votes. You've no idea, Denis, how socialistic husbands can sneer at their wives for the pure love of humanity! I can see them, just like one of Ezekiel's visions in my eight and sixpenny illustrated Bible—such a sweet present from an old coachman who thought I was going to the bad—but it all runs like water off a duck's back. For all those round and rosy and thoroughly respectable middle-aged wives are sitting sublimely tight in the very midst of the scorners, hundreds of them, and, still, still continuing their subscriptions to the penny illustrated weeklies in the unshaken belief that we fell in love with each other under Chinese lanterns, at a charity *fête,* in a moonlit garden. You see, Denis, we are their dreams, and dreams always die hard, don't they? Do you like being a dream, Denis? You are exactly like a dream at the present moment. Did you choose that tie yourself? It's very becoming. But, you know, the joke about our wedding is that I don't love you a bit."

"Nor do I," murmured Denis absently. "I mean——"

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"I know what you mean, flatterer; but never mind. I do hope—Denis, you're looking positively ghostly—I do hope you're in love with somebody else. I wonder if you are. It would add such an interest to your silence. I often see you disappearing toward the wood after dark. Why do you go there? Don't say it's to gloat over moonlight effects. Remember, Denis, after our marriage, you must always steal away to mysterious trysts in the woods. You mustn't rob me of my first interest in you. One of these evenings I shall follow you and accidentally walk into your *tête-à-tête*. I want to see how you make love; and it will give me such a hold upon you when we are married."

At last Stephanie grew tired of chattering unaided.

Denis refused to accompany her within. They parted in the garden; but there was a mischievous light in her wide gray eyes, as she turned at the end of the path and saw the direction that he had taken. When he was out of sight she glanced around with a chuckle and began to follow him like a cat stalking a bird.

III

The last streak of sunset had faded; and Denis went slowly and unsuspiciously toward the little lake in the woods. A sickle moon brightened overhead. His face was white, rapt and still, like the face of a visionary, the face of a Galahad. His large dark eyes were wide open; and if his uncle could have caught a glimpse of them he might have thought that, after all, the boy had begun to see "things that were not there."

Within a few yards of the wood he paused suddenly. Ragged patches of silver shone through the leaves and showed him where the moonlight shimmered on the lake. There was a soft fluttering and ruffling of white feathers where some startled swans awoke and glided away to distant banks of violet shadow. Then the slim figure of a girl stole out of the wood. She was barefooted and she had a wonderful dark crown of hair, with folded purple shadows in it, that somehow, perhaps by mere

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outline, suggested classic sculpture. Denis seemed to recognize her. She stood, a listening Daphne, straight-limbed and still, poised on a forward foot. For a moment he stayed in the shadow to drink in her beauty.

A circle of faintly rose-tinted darkness divided her from all contact with the mottled blackness of the wood, and seemed to enshrine her within an intangible, almost invisible globe of soft uniform shadow and secretly shining color. Her eyes had a light in them like the light of stars in the clear dark water of deep woodland pools.

Without a word she stretched out her arms; and immediately Denis had her by the cold hands and drew her to him. She put her lips to his lips.

"And, O my love," she murmured, "I have been waiting for you ever since the world began to be quiet again."

They went toward the lake together, with their arms about each other and their hands entwined.

IV

They were at the silver brink of the lake, when the figure of another girl came stealthily through the fringes of the wood behind them.

But these two, facing the wonderful waters, heard and saw nothing but the glitter and whisper of the ripples and the moon-dazzle.

"Oh, my Dream, my Dream," murmured the boy as he kissed the soft waves of her shadowy hair, "why will you never tell me your name? I have no name to call you by, but my Dream."

"Why does a Dream vanish at daybreak?" she whispered. "Why does a faith vanish in a creed? Why does a divinity vanish into the stone of its images? I shall never tell you my name."

Then, woman-like, she breathed it into his ear. "But nobody must ever hear that name," she said, "or your Dream will vanish. Nobody must hear you breathe it, or your Dream will vanish."

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"No one shall ever make that name common," he said passionately, "no one shall ever rob me of my religion by proving it to be true."

There was a rustle of leaves in the copse behind them; and the mocking voice of Stephanie broke out into a little French song:

"La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée . . .
O bien-aimée."

"Why, Denis, I thought I should be able to watch you making love," she cried as she stepped out of her concealment; "and here you are, all alone, gloating. My little romance is gone forever." She made a pretty grimace of disappointment.

"All alone? What do you mean?" said Denis in a strange voice. "Don't you see her, girl? Don't you see her?"

"I see nobody but yourself, Denis," she laughed, and looked at him wondering why he was thus unwontedly jocose.

Then it seemed as if a terrible thought touched her with a cold hand; for a look of ignorant fear crept into her eyes. "Why, what in heaven's name is the matter?" she cried, like one that thinks to change ill news into good by questioning it sharply.

Denis was white as death. He stared at her with wild burning eyes; and came slowly toward her with a soft catlike tread. The trembling girl stood impotent in her mad craving to cry out or flee. She was rooted to the spot, as in a nightmare, and her lips refused to move.

Suddenly Denis gripped her by the wrist. "You fool," he moaned in a low hoarse voice that came shaking from the very depths of his nature. He pointed to the water with a quivering bloodless finger. "Do you see what you have done? You have killed her! You have killed her! As soon as you came, a great slimy green thing rose out of the water and a hundred great slimy green arms, like loathsome, crawling, clutching worms, to drag her down. Yes! They dragged her down,

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down into darkness and ugliness and death. Don't you see her heart's blood bubbling, bubbling up in the lake every time you breathe?"

The terrified girl began to lose her self-control; and she tried to extricate herself by force from his grip.

"Let me go, Denis," she wailed, "please let me go!"

He laughed wildly and hideously, and began to drag her toward the brink of the lake.

"We must try to save her!" he said.

V

"I shall follow him to-night," said Michael.

"Yes! Yes!" nodded his father. "We will follow him; and when he sees that he is discovered, the romance of any secret affair will all vanish."

"Pshaw!" said his hot-faced son.

It was very dark when at last the two men set out for the wood. Masses of gray flying cloud had begun to obscure the sky and the moon glinted rarely from behind them. Sometimes a low soft wind moved the roses in black masses and sent great puffs of heavy funereal fragrance abroad. The two men went on leisurely. The old man looked strangely spirit-like, with his long white straggling hair. Sometimes he murmured words in soft musical tones, almost as if he were estimating some secondary harmonic meanings in them——

"Yes. It is very dark. It is difficult, very difficult to see where one is going."

Michael grunted impatiently; but he was not in the habit of wantonly wounding his father's feelings, so he turned the grunt into the first few staves of a popular tune.

"I often wonder," continued the old man, "I often wonder whether an old man's frailty of bodily texture, the weakness of his soul's barriers, so to speak, may not make him—like a child —more open to whatever disturbing influences may reach him through the—er—spiritual—er—atmosphere."

Michael looked fiercely shamefaced. He almost blushed;

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as indeed he always did when he thought that anybody was talking to him of high matters.

"Dunno!" he said, with a curious little laugh that might have been called a nervous giggle, had it not been so drink-roughened and gruff. "My texture's dense enough at any rate."

"Stop!" cried the old man. He seemed to be listening to something very far away. Then Michael, too, thought he heard it; and at last it came—a long low wail, bestial, indescribable,—and a gush of freezing blood rushed through his veins.

But he recovered himself immediately. "It was only a fox!" he cried angrily.

"Yes. I expect it was only a fox, wasn't it?" This perpetual agreement annoyed Michael as with a subtle sarcasm that forced him again and again to reveal the gnawings of that Something Else, forced him beyond himself, made him say things that he despised as the utterances of a weakling. He turned with a snarl of brutal self-contradiction. "Damn it! Have you ever heard a fox cry like that before?"

"No! I don't think I have ever heard a fox cry like that before!"

The old man was absorbed in his own mood, far aloof. Doubtless there was some truth in what he had said about the frailty of his bodily texture. That cry seemed to have opened a wide way for the night through the frail barriers. Once again he began to murmur to himself, less for the surface meaning of the words than for their secondary suggestions, their secret harmonic notes, those elaborate harmonic meanings which the quick ear can always detect in the language of deep emotion, just as one detects the passion of the great poet under the rude and grotesque surface-meanings of the grave-diggers' scene in *Hamlet*. The old man became as a reed through which the night uttered its tragic music.

"I have heard or read somewhere," he murmured, "a beautiful saying,—that you may not see why the straw dances upon the road; but, before you can think of it, the wind is on your cheek."

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Michael was not an impressible man; but that Something Else constantly gnawed at him and rendered him unwontedly sensitive. He had not attempted to follow, as usual, the surface-meaning of his father's conversation; and, perhaps for that very reason, he was caught, subconsciously, by its general drift. Because he floated without any personal effort he thought that he remained in his previous mental position. There was only a dull roar in the distance; but if he were motionless it mattered little whether the waters dashed over a precipice or not. For a moment, it seemed, he rubbed his coarse obscuring coat-sleeve against the bare white shoulder of the tragic Muse. He distinctly remembered how, in the same animal way, he had felt the chant of the Pilgrims in *Tannhauser*. He made the comparison; but there his premonition, or his insight, or perhaps his weakness, ended. Only he felt, uncertainly, sweeping past, the crimson hem of some passion-perfumed robe. He felt that some mighty truth drew near him; and he was wrought, in spite of his iron texture, to a high mood of tragedy. It is the falling rock, not the dropping cliff-flower, that gathers momentum; and if, on that night, his mood were to find expression in action, the dead iron of the man would lend him something overwhelming and terrible.

However, outwardly, he was no more than the hot-faced man, breathing of spirits. He spoke rudely and gruffly, partly out of that queer shamefastness he had, and partly out of the real contempt that is felt for such emotions by a worldly but strong-minded man—the character upon which he justly prided himself.

"You will be declaring that *you* see prophetic signs and warnings around you, soon, if you go on working yourself into that frame of mind, father. I shouldn't, if I were you."

They were now only a few yards from the wood.

"Hush!" said Michael in a low quick whisper, and he drew his father into a deeper shadow.

A tall lean figure with a death-pale face was walking rapidly to and fro, like a caged animal, on the moonlit margin of the lake. Sometimes it moaned and clasped its hands. It was Denis.

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Michael stole forward and the old man, stricken with a numbing fear, crept after him. Behind a tall clump of ferns they crouched to watch. The moon brightened and turned the lake to fluid silver.

"Michael," whispered the old man, "what is that?"

He pointed to a muslin scarf that floated near them on the water. Michael stared at it without replying.

"Where is Stephanie?" persisted the old man. "Michael, she had not returned when we came out."

"For God's sake, be silent!" hissed the other.

"I am afraid, Michael, before God I am afraid."

Michael turned on him like a wild beast, with a mad glower in his eyes that appalled his father. Then in silence they listened and watched.

Denis was lying on his face now, at the brink of the lake, and staring into the depths of the water.

"Come to me, come to me, my Dream, my Dream!" he moaned.

Michael had heard enough. He emerged from his hiding-place into the moonlight.

"Denis," he said, holding out both hands as if he were trying to capture some wild woodland creature: "Denis!"

The boy screamed like a woman and leaped to his feet.

"Ah, you have heard! You have heard! And you have killed her!" he cried. "See! She has vanished into that rose." He pointed to an artificial flower that was floating near the scarf.

"Denis," said Michael, still holding out his hands and speaking with wonderful tenderness.

"Don't speak! Don't speak!" screamed the boy. "Every time you speak her blood comes bubbling up in the lake just as it did when Stephanie spoke. Don't you see it staining the water with great clouds of crimson roses?"

"Denis," said Michael again, stealing a step nearer, with his hands out in the same strange yearning manner. "Listen to me; and I will tell you how you still may save her."

Denis looked at him suspiciously. Then with a wild sobbing laugh he flung himself into his uncle's arms.

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"Ah, you were always my good friend, uncle, always my good friend."

"Tell me first," said Michael, very quietly and gently, but with a terrible clenched quivering of his big coarse lips, "is Stephanie down there, too?" He motioned to the water.

"Yes," said the boy. "I killed her. She tried to get out, but,"—he leant his face to his uncle's ear and spoke in a rapid whisper, broken with queer little laughs—"I pushed her hands away, like this, you see, whenever she got hold of the wall, and once I—hee! hee! hee!—once I stamped on her fingers to make her let go, and at last she got tired. She screamed such a funny scream, once, uncle." He laughed again at the recollection. "She's been down there for a whole hour!"

Michael's arms were round the boy, folding him against his big hammering heart. The huge man was shaking like an aspen.

"Well, we may still save your Dream, Denis," he said. He was staring at something he saw under the clear waters of the lake. Then he bent and kissed the boy on the forehead.

Something in his action struck terror into the heart of the old man, who was still hidden in the ferns and watching every movement.

"Ah, Michael, Michael," he gasped, "what are you going to do? Michael, you frighten me! I beseech you, Michael!"

But Michael took no heed.

"We must dive into the lake, Denis, and then perhaps we shall find her."

"Yes, oh yes!" cried the boy gleefully. "We shall find her there."

Michael released him. Denis immediately ran to the brink and leaped into the water with a great splash. Michael, to the old man's wonder and terror, followed, with a neat dive, close to the floating scarf. He remained some time under the water and came up with a burst, his face dead-white and hideous, dripping with fluid silver in the moonbeams.

"Denis," he whispered huskily, as he stood with his head and shoulders above water; "Denis, come here. I have found her."

The boy swam, chuckling, up to him; and Michael caught

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him in his arms again. Then, with an awful cry of "Oh, Denis, forgive me, forgive me," he forced the boy's head back and held him down under the lake.

There was a short and terrible struggle. The white-haired old man on the bank moaned aloud, dropped to his knees and writhed on the ground like a wounded creature that could only cry "Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Then Michael emerged, a tottering corpse-like thing, from the water; and the moonlight danced peacefully on the subsiding ripples.

"Come," he gasped, as he raised his father to his feet. "We will go and tell them that Denis was drowned in trying to save Stephanie. You understand. I saw the floating scarf and I dived. You understand. I couldn't get them out. Quick! We must go and get help!"

As they drew near the castle and saw the gaily lighted windows and heard a sound of merry laughter and music, Michael reeled and clutched the old man's arm.

"Father," he whispered, and the worn old man had never felt so near his son as at that word, "help me to go through with it. I swear it's better than the only other way. Remember his grandfather!"

As he spoke they paused and faced one another in the purple shadow of the last rose-trailing alley. Then the old man leaned forward to his son and kissed him.

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TWO LOVE-POEMS

GERALD GOULD

I

I TOO have loved a goddess, set
About with dreams so clear
The heart can never quite forget
Or cease to hold them dear.

I, too, in places never known
To any kind of men
For dwelling, save to such alone
As surely I was then,

Have nursed desire beyond the scope
Of this world to fulfil,
And found achievement match with hope,
And sense prove one with will.

I, too, have clasped, with passionate breath,
Upon her bed of flowers,
A form too vast to know such death
Or ev'n such life as ours,

And watched, along the glimmering lines
Of limbs august and bright,
A moonbeam such as never shines
In any mortal night.

The liberal kisses shed through me,
The kisses from me drawn,
Were bitterer than the wasteful sea
And sweeter than the dawn.

What follows?—Ev'n as I am now,
I cannot choose but find

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That goddess-light on every brow
That means a woman's mind;

No strange glad thing that women do,
No strangeness of their pain,
But is a part of what I knew
And am to know again.

And you, belovèd?—In the deep
Of those regarding eyes
Are hidden dreams, for human sleep
Too innocent and wise.

Where did you gather them, my dear?
—In fields without a name.
Tell me, what music did you hear?
For I have heard the same.

But for the wisdom that I got
From that divine embrace,
I should have met and loved, but not
Have known or claimed your face.

But for such mingling, calm and keen,
That every pulse was soul,
Could any part be heard or seen,
Since sense would miss the whole?

O what were you and what was I?
We were what all hearts are;
And lo! the changes of the sky
Move round a single star!

And come or go, and lose or gain,
And promise or recall,
The future and the past are plain
In every hour of all.

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O coming of your worshipped feet!
Light of your hallowed brow!
I, too, have loved a goddess—Sweet,
I love a goddess now.

II

I loved a girl—she is dead;
She was like you,
But younger—when you turn your head,
My dream of her comes true.

She had that zest of youth
Which moves to tears;
You are to her what stronger truth
Is to strong hopes and fears.

I loved her long and well,
And always must;
She was the heav'n amid my hell,
The spirit in my dust.

But a time comes when these
Grow all one thing;
You are that time, and lo! you please,
My queen, to crown me king!

I ached for the why and whence
Of her regard;
She was too easy for my sense
And for my thought too hard.

Each several moment she
Dies, and you live;
She had so much to take from me,
You have so much to give.

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She had such childish ways,
Such childish eyes,
The wanton Spring would speak her praise
Strangely from virgin skies.

Well have you caught the fall
Of her soft hair
—For she's not anything at all
But just the self you were!

Moment by moment, so,
She is not, you are;
And O! I love her well—but O!
I love you better far!

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INDUSTRIAL WAR

HUGH H. LUSK

IT is said that a famous general of the Civil War gave a definition of the conditions with which he had been so familiar, that was equally terse and descriptive. "War is hell," was the definition, which may be said to have concentrated the experience of humanity on the subject, and to have left little room for doubt as to its significance. It is not surprising that the sentiment of civilized nations is becoming more definitely opposed to war. It was to have been expected that the modern advance in knowledge, with its greater appreciation of comparative values, would make civilized nations comprehend the folly, as well as the cruelty, of the old savage method of settling their differences by force, without reference to justice or fair-play. The singular thing is that this common sense way of looking at the wars of nations has not yet extended to a form of warfare, at once more common, more injurious, and more opposed to common sense, than the occasional wars between nations, that are now so generally condemned.

The wars referred to are those politely known as industrial disputes that take the form of Strikes and Lock-outs. These, it is true, we are told by those who conduct and take part in them, are not wars at all, but merely peaceful assertions of the rights of free men, to work, or not to work, to carry on work at their mills or factories, or to leave off work, and close their doors, when they find that working will no longer pay. And it is true that the ideal strike, and the equally ideal lock-out, are not open to the charge of forming part of a system of civil war. No reasonable person can deny that free men and women have the right to judge for themselves whether they should continue to work under the conditions, as to wages, hours of labor, and sanitary arrangements, that are offered by those who employ them. No sensible person can object to an employer of labor judging for himself whether he can afford to continue business on the terms as to wages and other conditions that are insisted on by the workers he employs. If the free worker is dissatisfied, the

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right to cease work would seem to be unquestionable: if the free employer cannot see his way to carrying on his business without loss, his right to close the doors of his mills or factories seems to be equally clear.

These, as we have already said, are the ideal strikes and lock-outs, as they are spoken of and described by those who take part in them. It is unfortunate that in industrial, as in other matters, the ideal is rarely, if ever, reached; and there is probably nothing in which this is more emphatically true than in the case of the Strike and the Lock-out. The case of the ideal strike, in which the workers lay down their tools reluctantly to go elsewhere quietly, in search of work on better terms than those offered them by their present employers, is probably quite as rare as that of the regretful employer who locks out his employees because he sees that his manufactures can no longer be carried on at a reasonable profit. In both cases the act is an act of war: a step that is taken for the purpose of gaining something from the other party which the other refuses to give—and to speak plainly, and without the hypocrisy generally indulged in by those who defend such methods, with the idea of gaining it by force. It need hardly be pointed out that in all its essential purposes this is war—civil war.

Of all the forms of war with which nations have become acquainted by bitter experience, civil war is the one that has impressed itself on public feeling as the worst and most deadly in its results. This may arise in part from the perception that nothing can be more deadly in its effect on the future of any society than the bitter hatred and resentment that inevitably follow on a family conflict, in which the injuries inflicted have been suffered at the hands of those who should have been friends. It may also be due to some extent to the fact that the injuries and suffering inflicted come home to a people engaged in a civil war more keenly than in one carried on between two separate nations. It is one thing to read of thousands of lives thrown away in battle; it is quite another to have the battle fought at one's own door. To hear of homes destroyed, and families starving, is bad enough; it is worse in every way when the loss and the suffering are our own. It may at first sight ap-

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pear an exaggeration to speak of the industrial warfare that has grown familiar to our modern civilization in terms like these; and yet in truth it is no exaggeration. In a country like America the forces arrayed in conflict in strikes and lock-outs in a single year represent on an average between three and four hundred thousand men, to which may fairly be added at least twice as many more, as representing the families who are directly the sufferers by the conflict. What does this mean? It means homes destroyed, women suffering, children crying for bread: it means also a load of bitter resentment laid up in the minds of one part of the nation against another part, and one that sooner or later must and will bear fruit.

This is not to say that industrial wars have had no excuse. There have been many wars between nations in which one at least of the parties was justified, and not a few in which both of the contending parties thought themselves in the right. The same may, no doubt, be said with truth of many of our industrial wars. Labor, as a class, has in the past been oppressed to an extent which cannot easily be exaggerated, and the industrial conflicts of our own times are the consequences. This, however, does not prove that they are the best way of removing the evils that still exist, or the most effective and least hurtful way of introducing a better condition of things. Sensible men and intelligent nations have some time ago reached the conclusion that wars between nations are a mistake; and they are now busying themselves in the attempt to find a way of settling international disputes that shall be at once more reasonable and less costly. May we not reasonably apply the same experience, and the same conclusions, to the industrial conflicts that disfigure our civilization?

Industrial, like international, wars are in every case begun with the idea of obtaining some concession from the other party to the dispute. The concession may be in every way just and reasonable, or it may be the result of an ambition to obtain something that is unfair and unreasonable. One thing may be looked on as certain, both in international quarrels and industrial disputes—the parties most immediately concerned are sure to be the least qualified to arrive at an absolutely fair and just esti-

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mate of the rights of the matter. The corporations and capitalists who employ labor and pay wages, naturally look on all such questions from the point of view of what appears likely to give them the largest return for their outlay of money: the workers are equally certain to look at them from the point of view of what can be made to give them the largest return for their skill and energy as workers. The standpoint in each case is a selfish one, and cannot possibly secure equal justice, nor can it by any possibility give the mass of the people confidence in the result.

And this brings us face to face with the fact that in the civil wars of industry, as in every other civil war, the nation as a whole, and not merely the small section of it that is actively engaged in the quarrel, is concerned in the dispute and deeply interested in its just settlement. It is to this larger part of the nation, and to this part only, that an appeal can be made, with any reasonable hope of success, for a really fair and just decision on the questions at issue. This is the chief justification for national interference in the settlement of industrial disputes. No settlement of the questions generally involved in these disputes can be really satisfactory, or reasonably permanent, unless it is based on justice; and justice is rarely, if ever, arrived at by an appeal to force. A second justification for national interference may be found in the fact that the nation as a whole has an interest in the just and permanent settlement of such questions that is in the long run greater, while it is less selfish, than that of the parties immediately concerned in the disputes.

The case of the recent great strike of the English coal miners may be taken as an illustration of what is meant. It may well be, indeed it is all but certain, that the miners had just cause for complaint against their conditions of employment—causes so just, indeed, as to render natural, if not wise, the policy of force which they adopted in beginning an industrial war. The important question is whether the rest of the nation was not at the same time more widely interested, and more likely to be able to arrive at a just and permanent settlement of the questions involved, than the mine owners and mine workers themselves. To answer this question in the negative would be to contradict the experience of every civilized nation, on which all

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that the world yet possesses of civilization depends. Progress, civilization and prosperity have gone hand in hand with the increasing recognition of the principle that order must prevail, and the intelligent will of the nation, expressed in its laws, must take the place of private convictions as to right and wrong of individuals, or sections of the community, wherever these convictions involve the rights and interests of others. Laws, it is true, have not always been just, nor have they always kept pace with the needs of society; it may safely be said, however, that except in very rare cases, they have been better for the nation that obeyed them till they could be peaceably amended than any form of lawless violence.

There were, let us suppose, a quarter of a million coal miners actually engaged in the great English coal strike. The object of the strikers was to obtain by compulsion what they considered justice for themselves and those dependent on them; the first result was to cause great loss and suffering to themselves and families; the second was to paralyze the industries of the country and to inflict suffering and loss on a vast number of their fellow citizens, who had nothing to do with the injuries of which the miners complained and nothing to gain directly by their victory, if they should succeed in getting what they demanded.

The English Government has proposed to deal with the difficulty by legislation. The first feature of the statute is what is known as the minimum wage clauses, the object of which is to ascertain what is the lowest rate of wages at which men can be expected to maintain themselves and their families, and to fix that as the lowest wage payable by mine operators to miners. The second feature of the statute is the introduction of a system of compulsory arbitration to deal with all other questions that may arise between the mine workers and employers, and the forbidding, as a crime, the resort to either lock-outs or strikes for the settlement of such questions. The first part of the proposed law appears to have been accepted by the miners' unions, as probably the best that could be done for the time; the second part has been strongly objected to and denounced by the labor leaders, not only of the miners, but of other trades, as unfair and unsatisfactory.

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There is, it must be admitted, a difference between the two proposed remedies which may justify the attitude of the unions. If the representatives of the nation after due inquiry fix a minimum rate of wages for miners, there is every probability that under it the miners will be better off than they have been hitherto. At any rate all parties will have notice that such is the law that must be obeyed by the operators, if they mean to work the mines at all, and by the workers, if they mean to remain coal miners in England. The proposal for compulsory arbitration in all other disputes introduces other questions that are not so simple. Apart from the strong prejudice that will inevitably be felt by labor leaders against any law that takes from them the power of declaring strikes, and so decide on the great issues of peace or war, there are other considerations less open to criticism that may be urged in support of the objection of the unions to the proposed system. Compulsory arbitration might be enforced by the strong arm of the law; but this raises the question how far its results would justify this, as a case in which the public advantage gained was a sufficient recompense for all that was given up to secure it. It might be claimed for it, indeed, that it substituted a reign of law for a reign of violence: the question would still remain whether the new reign was in all respects as just, and therefore as successful, as it might have been made if past experience had been consulted.

There can be little doubt that the feature of the proposed statute which provides for a minimum wage that must be paid by coal operators to coal miners, is in principle a just one; its practical justice, however, must depend on the fairness of the rate fixed as a minimum wage. In case it should be high enough to appear to the miners better than a continued struggle in defiance of the law, it will probably be accepted heartily, and it will undoubtedly be looked on as a triumph for the cause of associated labor. Its weak point must of necessity be that it is a merely temporary expedient, carrying with it on its face the stamp of its temporary character. A minimum wage, if it is to be fair and satisfactory to-day, must be based on a higher scale than would have been necessary to accomplish the same ends twenty, or even ten, years ago. It is probably even more cor-

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rect to say that the scale that would satisfy the miners to-day will be wholly inadequate to do so ten, or perhaps five, years hence. Is there then to be a renewal of a great industrial war, fatal to the comfort of millions of the people for the time, fatal also to the well-being and prosperity of the nation as a whole, once in five or ten years in the future? Can civilized intelligence think out no better or more permanent and self-adjusting plan than this?

What is required is a system which is not only just, but one that will satisfy all reasonable men of its justice. Such a system will commend itself to the minds of a nation as one that should be enforced, and it will have behind it the full sentiment of the nation for its enforcement. It is evident that a minimum wage scale, however just to-day, cannot rely on this support in the future, under the rapidly changing conditions of our time. An arbitration court, it may be said, such as is proposed to deal with all questions in dispute between miners and coal operators in England, except wages, should supply what is needed. It is evident the English miners' unions do not think so; and experience seems to show that they are probably right. Labor has in the past suffered much injustice, and it is not wonderful that to-day labor has little or no confidence in the justice of those from whom it has suffered this injustice in the past. The essentially weak feature of a court, or a commission, of arbitration must always be that it is a tribunal of opinion. If its members belong to one part of the community they will necessarily, and with perfect sincerity, lean to the opinions of the class to which they belong; and all experience has shown that the class of a majority of the court or commission will not be that of the workers.

It is very likely that the idea of an arbitration court for the settlement of industrial disputes in England has been imported from New Zealand or Australia, where the idea has been tried for some time. If this is the case, it would seem to show that the experience of that part of the world has been misunderstood. In New Zealand, it is true, the system of arbitration by a court, which is so far compulsory that it applies to all unions, whether of workers or employers, that have voluntarily accepted it by

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registration under the statute, has been in force for more than sixteen years, with excellent results. In Australia, on the other hand, where the law was made compulsory in its application to all industrial bodies, without reference to their acceptance of its provisions, it has been at least comparatively a failure. Strikes and lock-outs have been forbidden in Australia for the last ten years under severe pains and penalties, and yet there have been serious strikes, especially of coal miners, every two or three years. The reason given in each case for the defiance of the law has been the want of confidence of the workers in the impartiality of the court. How far this has been warranted may be questioned; the fact that it exists is certain, and has proved fatal to the system, as an adequate cure for the evil. The experience of Australia would certainly be repeated on a larger and if possible a more dangerous scale, either in England or America.

Can it then be possible that there is no remedy for this constantly recurring disaster of industrial civil war, which from time to time sweeps over the countries of modern civilization, except the barbarous and irrational remedy of the rifle and the bayonet? Is it unavoidable that industry should be paralyzed and suffering inflicted on the many thousands engaged in these conflicts, as well as on millions that are more or less directly affected by them; that bitter ill-feeling should be stirred up between different sections of the same people; and that civilization should be retarded and national well-being destroyed? Such a conclusion is practically unthinkable.

There can be no reasonable doubt that a remedy does exist; and to speak plainly, it is one that is recognized by many who, from selfish motives, are determined not to admit its existence until it is absolutely forced on them. The remedy consists in the practical admission of the truth, which cannot be denied in theory, that the skilled labor necessary for manufacturing industries of every kind, is the partner of the capitalist employer, or the corporation, finding the money that is required for carrying on the business; and that, as such partner, it is fully entitled to share in the profits of the undertaking. This, it may be said, is revolutionary. It would, if admitted and acted upon, put an

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end to the reign of capital, which has already lasted through all the centuries of more or less developed civilization. It is by no means necessary to deny this. The world of human thought is learning many things in this age which it never dreamed of before, and in no direction are its new discoveries more valuable than in those of sociology. The reign of the few that had, over the many that had not, has lasted ever since the dawn of history; but the time has come, or at least it has almost come, when the many will claim and will get their share. What that share shall be, and how it will be obtained, are the questions that are the most really important to-day.

The admission of those who are the actual producers to a recognized partnership in all they produce, may at first sight appear to be an innovation on all precedent that must be ruinous to the class which has, up to this time, treated the class of skilled workers as mere tools, and not as partners, indeed hardly as human beings, like themselves in all but the possession of capital. It is more than doubtful, however, whether anything really disastrous to capital need follow. It need hardly be pointed out that the untrammelled reign of capital—like that of other despotic rulers—is already practically at an end; what is not yet settled is little more than the question what is to take its place, and how is the change to be made? Is it to come about in a quiet and orderly way, without any industrial or social upheavals that might shake society and cause industrial and financial depression that might take years to overcome; or is it to be the result of such upheavals, and to be accompanied and followed by such disasters? The reign of force, as it is now represented by industrial war, is in its essence lawless, and every triumph gained by lawless means is the incentive to more lawlessness. The civilization to which the nations of western European origin have attained is founded on the basis of law, as opposed to lawlessness; of order, as opposed to violence. International wars have for many centuries been the great enemies of the progress of civilization, and now that there seems to be a prospect of common sense and humane feeling putting an end to these, there remains only the obstacle of industrial war standing in the way of real progress and the well-being of the

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people. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that any reform in our social customs and traditions that would put an end to these wars would in the result prove economically, as well as socially, a success.

The essential defect of arbitration as a cure for industrial disputes is that it is necessarily governed by a spirit, not of absolute justice, but of temporary compromise. The best possible arbitrators are, and feel that they are, of necessity controlled by this limitation: it need not be said that the parties to the dispute feel it also. To submit their case to arbitration means, as they well know, to agree to accept a compromise; and they do this only as a temporary expedient. A law that is founded on the radical truth that labor in all trades is of necessity the partner of capital embarked in those trades, and provides that the partnership shall be acknowledged and acted on by a sharing of profits, would have the valuable quality of permanency, as well as the sanction of justice.

The difficulties in the way of framing a law to give effect to such a principle are by no means so serious as might be imagined. Putting aside the initial difficulty of inducing the owners of capital to admit the justice, or to recognize the advantage of accepting this amended conception of the relations of capital and labor, there are, no doubt, some familiar objections to be considered. Of these perhaps the most common is that which professes to see no way in which a division could be made. The workers, it may be said, would of course demand wages, so that the capitalists who found the money to pay them would be forced to take all the risk, and at the best to get only a part of the profit. This, it may be admitted, has in it an element of truth, but it is very far from being the whole truth. It is really a part of the old idea that the men whose skill and energy must be relied on to do the work are, after all, only tools, to be used, and treated like any of the merely mechanical machinery of the trade. The idea was, of course, always a mistaken as well as a selfish one: it is now something more—it is impracticable. But even from this point of view the principle can be accepted. If it is said that wages must be paid, whether the business pays or not, it is equally true that the machinery used in the production

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of the manufacture must be maintained and new improvements must be added whether the market for the product is good or bad. The wage-earner is at least as necessary a condition of success as the machinery, and both must be kept in working order as the first essential condition of successful business. Hitherto this condition has been admitted grudgingly, but nothing more has been admitted; and it is here that reform becomes not only necessary but profitable. The worker must live, and not only so, he must live in such a condition as will enable him to do efficient work. It is time the common sense derived from experience taught us that the greatest efficiency in any work demands a personal interest in its results.

The reform in our industrial system advocated in this article would supply this interest. If the law laid down a special rate of wages, which appeared to the legislators after inquiry to be enough to supply all the reasonable necessities of life for the average worker and his family, the first part of the problem would be solved. The next step would concern the reasonable return that ought to be secured to those whose money capital is invested in the business; and here, too, there need be little difficulty. The market value of capital, invested on the very best security, such as national, or the best municipal bonds, would afford a simple standard of minimum value. This could be prescribed by statute as the second charge to be made against the earnings of the business. It need hardly be said that a business, mill, factory or mine, which did not yield a profit large enough to provide for these charges, is one that should, and certainly would, be abandoned.

When these necessary expenses of carrying on the work had been thus provided for, it would be reasonable to regard whatever remained as clear profit on the operations of the year or half year. The point to be adjusted would then be in what proportions the partners who supplied the money capital, and those who contributed the skill and labor capital, should share. This would, of course, be a question of public policy, and one which could probably be most satisfactorily settled by experiment. In case the interest allotted to the labor partner should prove insufficient to make the workers do their best to increase and im-

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prove the produce of their industry, it would be easy to increase the percentage; should it appear that the part allotted to capital was not enough to induce the owners of capital to undertake, or carry on new industries, the law could be amended so as to remove the difficulty. In either case industrial war would be avoided, and all the evils that spring from it would be prevented.

It may be said, indeed, that in case the workers were dissatisfied with the share of profits allotted to them by the law, they might once more try to work a reform by a return to the old strike methods. The situation would, however, be manifestly different. In such a case the revolt would not be against the oppression, real or supposed, of the employers, but against the deliberate legislation of their own representatives; and the remedy would be in their own hands, as free and self-governing voters. The defence of the lawless that they could not trust the fairness of the courts, would no longer exist, because the sole court of appeal would be that of their own elected representatives in the legislature. Above all, the sentiment of the nation as a whole must be reckoned with, and that sentiment must inevitably be against them. There would, indeed, in such a case be no more justification for any attempt at a violent defiance of the law on the part of a hundred thousand miners, who were partners in the profits of the business, than on that of a hundred partners in any other business to-day. To the one as to the other the law courts would be open, and the appeal would lie to a jury of their countrymen, and not to the possibly prejudiced opinion of a judge or an arbiter. Under such conditions there would be no strikes and no lock-outs.

Yes, it may be said, but this is revolutionary. The time has come, or very nearly come, when such an argument is foolish. The truth is that we live in an age of rapid evolution in all matters of social and economic importance, and that which is suggested in this article is evolutionary and not revolutionary. Many changes have already come; many more changes are impending. Common sense and ordinary prudence demand that society shall face the question squarely now:—Is it to be a process of peaceful evolution, or one of violent revolution at no distant period?

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A GROUP OF IRISH POETS

MICHAEL MONAHAN

I

James Clarence Mangan

I AM to speak in this and the following paper * of a group of Irish poets and balladists who lived and suffered and had their earthly portion toward the middle of the nineteenth century. There are many greater and prouder names than theirs on the roll of literary renown. Even the passionate love of country which inspired them is not perhaps so sure of appreciation now as it was in their own day. I have not been repelled from my choice of subject by the fact that Irish patriotism has been occasionally vulgarized here and abroad. No nation is always fortunate in its exponents, but the reproach will lie heaviest on that unfriended and oppressed nation which has never ceased to struggle during more than seven hundred years for its lost birthright of freedom. The men of whom I am to speak, with their gift of poesy, expressed the devoted aspiration of Irish patriotism. That word may not ring as true as once it did,—but no matter: I believe they voiced the sacred hope of many thousands of their race, of whom the earth was not worthy. We shall do well to honor that hope, of whatever race we may be, though we need not share it.

It has been said that Carlyle's *French Revolution* gives the effect of reading history by flashes of lightning. An obscure and genius-cursed Irishman, who walked the streets of Dublin some sixty years ago, does the like for us with his poetry.

Recently a reviewer in the London *Spectator* called James Clarence Mangan the greatest Irish poet of modern times. Comparing the adjective "great" is the idlest occupation of literary criticism. But it is certain that Mangan has left some things which evince extraordinary power and a quality of imagination

* A second paper will appear in the next number.

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rare among Irish poets. His poems send you to Irish history, seeking the materials with which he wrought his strange alembic of passion and power. They are alive with the genuine spirit of Celtic patriotism and have that elemental quality which is sure of its effect so long as fire burns. With Mangan, indeed, patriotism is a passionate, present actuality; with Moore too often a graceful reminiscence. What the former lacks in music is more than made up in vigor and earnestness, in what I may call the sense of consecration. He is the last of the Irish bards. Had he lived in the spacious times of the gentle Elizabeth, a price would have been set on his head. The statute of Kilkenny was framed for such as he, and it was with his prototypes in mind that the humane author of *The Faery Queene* advocated the extermination of the whole race of Irish bards.

I have said that Mangan's poems send you to reading Irish history. Perhaps it were better to take your history lesson first. And for the text here is a picture of Ireland at the close of the Desmond rebellion, in the sixteenth century. It is by the hand of Edmund Spenser who, in spite of his evident sympathy, was not averse from sharing in the plunder of a people given over to the Furies of that iron age:

"For, notwithstanding that Munster was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, yet after one year and one half, they were brought to such wretchedness that any stony heart would rue the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came, creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves. They did eat the dead carrions where they did find them, yea, and one another soon after, in as much as the very carcasses they spared not to dig out of the graves; and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they thronged as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue there withal; that in short space there were none almost left; and a most populous and plentiful country left void of man and beast."

One should, I repeat, take a course in Irish history—or English history as applied to Ireland—before reading the poems of Clarence Mangan. It is, perhaps, a little troublesome, sympathy

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with the Irish patriotic idea having fallen off painfully during late years; but this poet is well worth your trying to realize his "atmosphere." So, read that saddest of all histories, for the sake of its poetical commentary. Read of the foulest crimes against liberty and humanity that the earth has ever known; read how the cause of Christianity was invoked to destroy a free people; read how the Ireland of Saints was turned into a vast shambles; how during years of slaughter nor man nor woman nor prattling child nor babe at breast—yes, nor the unconscious life of the womb—was spared by the ruthless invader. Read how the treaty was broken ere the ink could dry; how the fealty of this devoted people in their ancient faith, identified through the fatal policy of their oppressors with the spirit of nationality itself, was made the pretext for their utter ruin. Read how the flower of Irish womanhood was driven from the land to a fate worse than death itself in the West Indies; how the strong young men, the best blood of the nation, chose for themselves a perpetual exile rather than look upon the desolation of their country; how the rest might go "to Hell or Connaught," as they chose!

After struggling through the horrors of each English "settlement," from Strongbow to Cromwell, through the long night of bondage relieved here and there by ebullitions of the national spirit or flashes of Irish valor, such as the splendid story of Limerick and the heroism of Sarsfield,—from Cromwell to Grattan and the Volunteers, the brief dream of a free Parliament, the revolt of 'Ninety-eight stamped out in a delirium of frenzy and blood, and the crowning curse of the Union,—after this gentle course in the conquest of Ireland, beginning with Adrian's Bull and ending—but the end is not yet!—we are prepared for the fierce burst of lyrical passion, the most remarkable thing in the "'Forty-eight movement," which was indeed, from the standpoint of insurrection, less than a flash in the pan.

Such is the annulling lapse of time that even Irishmen are now prone to look back upon these things with a calm regard. But that is not the mood to bring to the poetry of Clarence Mangan, whose melancholy genius fed on the wrongs of his beloved Ierne until its one strain was that of vengeance against the he-

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reditary oppressor. It is this unquenchable hatred of the tyrant, this immortal aspiration of the patriot, that finds its freest and noblest utterance in *Dark Rosaleen,* which, if Mangan had written nothing else, would still entitle him to a high place in Ireland's pantheon of glory. To the rhythm of these lines the terrible drama of Irish history unrolls. The twentieth century gives place to the sixteenth. The O'Neil and the O'Donnel come upon the stage and fight once more their glorious but losing battle. And it requires no stretch of fancy to hear the dauntless Red Hugh himself, in the dread moment of defeat, speaking this message of hope to his unhappy country:

O, my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep:
There's wine from the Royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and thro' dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
O, there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened thro' my blood,
My dark Rosaleen.

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move:
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!

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The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
O, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundancy of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our feet
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

I need not here recall the effect of Mangan's fiercely militant verse in the crises of sentiment that led up to the glorious though defeated movement of '48. When he is at his best, he typifies and enforces the undying hope of Irish patriotism. He has no idea of placating the alien oppressor or his patronizing descendant. The " sigh of his harp " shall not be " sent o'er the deep," but the fierce note of unconquerable hatred shall be struck for all who care to hear. If he laments at all, it is that the stern

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fight cannot be fought over again, that vainly he conjures the names and deeds of the hero brave.

> The high house of O'Neil
> Is gone down to the dust,
> The O'Brien is clanless and banned:
> And the steel, the red steel,
> May no more be the trust
> Of the faithful and brave in the land!

Patriotism is, in truth, the grand passion of this poet. Unlike most of his rhyming brethren, he has hardly a love song, and what he has is none of his best. Erin is his mistress and, addressing her, as in *Dark Rosaleen,* he strikes the highest note of his harp. Nothing languid or factitious about the sentiment, but an impassioned earnestness that challenges the blood even where sympathy is lacking.

No Irish poet before Mangan rivals him in the use which he has made of the wild romance and legend of his country. It is true his work is but fragmentary—a series of poetical sketches scarcely to be equalled for vivid color and genuine feeling. There is no orderly whole, like the cycle of Arthurian fables that grew into immortal poetic form, under the perfect art of Tennyson —so perfect in nothing as in its patience. Mangan, whose own life was a tragedy, never attempted epic or idyl. Yet the poor hack of the Dublin publishing offices, with his fatal appetite for drink and drugs, was in original genius the peer of any man of his time. For genius must be gauged by quality rather than quantity of performance; and art is second in order.

Swinburne has said that, judged by episodes solely and not by the whole of any work, the author of *The Cloister and the Hearth* is the first of English novelists. In like manner, estimating Mangan by a few poems, his rank would be of the highest. But consistent effort and that atmosphere of tranquil thought which matures the fruit of the poetical conception, were not for the gifted Irishman. Intervals of study and labor were followed by such squalid dissipation—always accompanied, perhaps often induced, by poverty which more than once drew him to the verge of starving—that the annals of Grub Street might be

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searched in vain for a story of equal misery. Poor Mangan's feasts were not seldom of the Barmecide order; but, as genius sometimes draws its most precious food from privation and pain, so if our poet had lived a contented, reputable life, he would most probably have made a less durable mark in literature. Assuredly we should not have that fearful poem *The Nameless One,* in which the poet bares his own soul and shows the fiends with which his half-crazed imagination—yet sane enough for the purposes of art—had peopled it. This is not a pose. It is a true confession, as pathetic as ever was penned by a man of genius.

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee.

* * *

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song.

* * *

And he fell far thro' that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood in his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights!

There is a strange likeness between the lives of James Clarence Mangan and Edgar Allan Poe; but that of the Irishman was one of more unredeemed wretchedness. Some critics have traced a curious identity in the genius of the men. I shall make bold to hold the Irishman the greater poet. He has less artifice in matching rhymes, but he is less self-conscious and has a

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far larger share of natural feeling. Mangan's sincerity is his distinguishing note, and it is not the least estimable of poetic qualities.

Under the Moresque work of the Irish singer, with its rune-like cadences, its haunting strains of elegy and battle, its crooning tenderness or blighting messages of anger, there glows as noble a passion as ever consecrated poet to its theme. Never was crowned monarch better sung than Con of the Hundred Fights; never have heroic valor and devotion received grander tribute than he pays to the knightly Tyrone and the Red Prince of the North, twinned with him in immortal memory.

I have spoken of the fidelity with which Mangan realizes the lurid yet heroic past of Ireland. In this respect, he seems at times the greatest of her poets and the most vivid of her historians. It is impossible that any future poet shall better his work; it is indeed more likely that none will ever approach it. The bardic spirit of ancient Erin breathes in these thrilling songs, though it may be doubted that he owed much to the forgotten minstrels, some of whom he affected to render into an alien tongue.

Mangan rarely sounded the high note that he struck in *Dark Rosaleen,* or perhaps it is truer to say he often essayed, sometimes touched, the note, but the perfection of form, so victorious in the poem cited, failed his hand. Yet *Dark Rosaleen* is not to be accounted the single success of a minor poet. Mangan tells us in one of his poems, with the fine exaggeration of the Celt, that his "*veins ran lightning.*" Thomas Davis, worthy to be ranked with him, speaks of the "cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael." Davis, a poet of splendid inspiration, though not a true Celt, exemplifies in his own work the quality which he has so happily characterized. But the palm goes to Mangan. By virtue of his purely Celtic genius—which so signally discriminates him from the body of Anglo-Irish versifiers and even from most poets of unmixed Irish lineage who have written in the English tongue,—the fame of Clarence Mangan is constantly rising. Within a few years there has been witnessed an extraordinary recrudescence of interest in the poor starveling, drunken, opium-eating, inspired visionary of the Dublin garrets. It must in

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fairness be allowed that Mangan stands indebted for his recent great increase of literary reputation to the authority of a small knot of critics in England—where due tribute is always paid the virtues of an enemy when he is well and surely dead.

One of the very finest of Clarence Mangan's truly Irish poems, in which the poet paints a vision of Connaught in the thirteenth century and at the same time allegorizes the great tragedy of Ireland, the loss of her ancient freedom,—is *Cáhál Mór of the Wine-Red Hand.* Indeed, it might not be easy to cite another poem from the Irish anthology, matching this in the strong spell cast by the poet's imagination.

I walked entranced
Thro' a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens a-left and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign,
Of Cáhál Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

Anon stood nigh
By my side a man
Of princely aspect and port sublime.
Him queried I,
"O, my lord and khan,
What clime is this, and what golden time?"
When he—"The clime
Is a clime to praise,
The clime is Erin's, the green the bland;
And it is the time,
These be the days
Of Cáhál Mór of the Wine-red Hand!"

Then I saw thrones
And circling fires,
And a dome rose near me, as by a spell,
Whence flowed the tones
Of silver lyres

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And many voices in wreathèd swell;
And their thrilling chime
Fell on mine ears
As the heavenly hymn of an angel-band—
"It is now the time,
These be the years,
Of Cáhál Mór of the Wine-red Hand!"

I sought the hall,
And behold!—a change
From light to darkness, from joy to woe!
Kings, nobles, all,
Looked aghast and strange;
The minstrel-group sate in dumbest show!
Had some great crime
Wrought this dread amaze,
This terror? None seemed to understand.
'Twas then the time,
We were in the days,
Of Cáhál Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

I again walked forth;
But lo! the sky
Showed flecked with blood, and an alien sun
Glared from the north,
And there stood on high,
Amid his shorn beams, a skeleton!
It was by the stream
Of the castled Main,
One autumn-eve, in the Teuton's land,
That I dreamed this dream
Of the time and reign
Of Cáhál Mór of the Wine-red Hand!

Reading these poems now, in the present dead lull of indifference which marks the state of Irish patriotic sentiment, one is moved to a deeper interest than if the national hope were marching on irresistibly to that full fruition of freedom, so often promised by poet and seer. It is not that the cause is lost, but that it appears more often now than formerly as not worth a struggle.

We have fallen upon evil days,
Star after star decays.

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Yet it may be that history has but reached a breathing place, and that from this seeming decadence of the national aspiration of Ireland shall spring forth a new and richer birth of patriotism than even this devoted people have ever known. God grant it!—and God knows He has never been so trusted as by this people. Though the words of Walt Whitman are true, and that which the sorrowing ancient mother seeks,

> " with rosy and new blood,
> Moves to-day in a new country,"—

yet the sons of the Gael here in this broad, free land, and all of them scattered the world over, will not cease to look back to Ireland for the final proof of God's justice. And pending that solemn act for which the weary centuries have waited, what son of the Gael will not join with the poet whose feet never strayed from her enchanted shore in these tender greetings to " old Erin in the sea":—

Take a blessing from my heart to the land of my birth,
And the fair Hills of Eire, O!
And to all that yet survive of Ebhear's tribe on earth,
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!
In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay
Seems to pour a lament forth for Eire's decay—
Alas! Alas! why pine I a thousand miles away
From the fair Hills of Eire, O!

The soil is rich and soft—the air is mild and bland,
Of the fair Hills of Eire, O!
Her barest rock is greener to me than this rude land—
O, the fair Hills of Eire, O!
Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising over grove;
Trees flourish in her glens below, and on her heights above;—
O, in heart and in soul, I shall ever, ever love
The fair Hills of Eire, O!

The dewdrops lie bright 'mid the grass and yellow corn,
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!
The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn,
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!
The watercress and sorrel fill the vales below;
The streamlets are hushed till the evening breezes blow;
While the waves of the Suir, noble river! ever flow
Near the fair Hills of Eire, O!

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A fruitful clime is Eire's, thro' valley, meadow, plain,
And the fair land of Eire, O!
The very "Bread of Life" is in the yellow grain,
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!
Far dearer unto me than the tone music yields,
Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her fields,
And the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields
Of the Gaels, on the fair Hills of Eire!

Thomas Osborne Davis

To the revolutionary spirit which filled Europe during the '40's and which in Ireland culminated in what is known as the "'Forty-eight Movement," is to be ascribed some of the most spirited verse of the last century. Happily perhaps for Ireland, the interest which now centres in that period is largely of a literary character, as indeed its results were rather literary than political. There was good poetry written, but no revolution had to be stamped out in blood, as in the memorable year of 1798. "Meagher of the Sword" (as Thackeray named him) and others gave proof of a new birth of Irish eloquence, and the great O'Connell, who would not purchase the liberty of his country at the cost of a single drop of blood, began to decline in his marvellous popularity.

For a time the Government suffered this patriotic and literary recrudescence to go on, and then when, in the phrase of the patriots, the "country was ripe for revolution," the machinery of suppression was put to work. There was very little bloodletting. Whatever the bitter regret then, we may be glad of it now. A few summary trials and transportations, and it was all over. "New Ireland" was discovered to be a euphemism for Botany Bay. The fatalism of Irish history had again asserted itself. In less figurative language, it was demonstrated that you cannot make successful revolution on paper, and that something more than sentiment is required with which to arm a whole people for a war of liberation. John Mitchel had said with fierce scorn that there were men who would not fight if Heaven were to send them muskets and angels to pull the triggers! The truth was

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that a rebel Irish army could hardly have been equipped on any other terms.

A brief space before this revolutionary fever flickered out, there died untimely a man who had created much of its patriotic ardor, much of its generous and devoted enthusiasm. Had he lived, Thomas Davis would have found a place beside Mitchel in the dock—it may be the tragedy of the "last of the Geraldines" * had been repeated. Dying at thirty-one, the grave closed over one of the noblest of Irish patriots, one of the most memorable of Irish singers.

It is true Davis would not have been content to be reckoned merely a poet, vital and authentic as was his literary vocation. His poems were written in hot haste to serve the propaganda of revolution. There is about them no smell of the lamp, no anxious striving for effect, no conscious artifice or alliteration. The burning sincerity of the sentiment, the full outpouring of passionate patriotism left little leisure to the poet for the labors of the file. Mere blemishes of form are not far to seek in the body of his work, but in the "imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength," much of this verse is not to be surpassed in the whole range of ballad poetry.

Davis has at least one glorious ballad of battle—the finest I dare say since that of *Chevy Chase*—which I would beg you to compare with the best performances of Mr. Kipling and his imitators. It was nobly said that the old ballad of *Chevy Chase* "stirred the heart like a trumpet": for the splendid rush of Davis's verse, you must pick a simile from the poem itself, in the lightning charge of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy—his own Fontenoy, the fiercest, truest song of battle that ever sprang from the heart of poet.

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly through De Berri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed,

* Lord Edward Fitzgerald, concerned in the rising of 1798. Died from a wound in prison at Dublin.

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The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy—on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as thro' a furnace blast,
Thro' rampart, trench and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:
Past Fontenoy—past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—
They break as broke the Zuyder Zee thro' Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round:
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
On thro' the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain!"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true.

* * *

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Thro' shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead;
Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy,—on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

It is small matter for wonder that, as to Davis, the sword soon wore out the scabbard. "I have taken too many crops out of the brain," said Thackeray. The young Irishman needed

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a frame of iron to withstand the wear and tear of his passionate thought seeking ever, in Byron's phrase, to wreak itself upon expression. It was said that Shelley had fancy enough to portion out a whole generation of poets. The poem which I have just noted might supply them with motive energy.

Poor Davis! His short life was filled with the joy of creation. If we might question the eternities, perchance we should learn that herein lies the highest compensation. The "precious porcelain of human clay" is easily shattered, but the spirit that could feel so ardently, the heart that throbbed with such rare devotion, the soul that dreamed such dreams of freedom for his loved country and shrank not from a generous martyrdom—these were of the essence of immortality.

The melancholy of Davis—that unfailing mark of the Irish poetical temperament—was twin-born with his poetic soul. Though he stands ready, like another Emmet, to offer himself as a sacrifice for his country—though the clink of the sabre is heard in many of his pieces and the fierce rush of battle in *Fontenoy*—yet that haunting sub-note of sorrow is never far absent, as the shower too closely attends the sunshine of the soft Irish skies. While his countrymen are drinking in the fiery songs with which he sought to rekindle the national spirit, crushed under age-long oppression, the poet puts aside the martial lyre to tell this secret of his heart:

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me
Under the greenwood tree?
Or on the wild heath
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
O, no—O, no!

No, on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze
To freshen the turf—put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair,

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Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle thro'.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
"He served his country and loved his kind."

Davis often seems a sort of poetic Sarsfield. He has the dash of the hero cavalryman, the fierce onslaught of his attack, and the fanciful likeness may be carried out in the touches of tenderness common to both. The martial poet can plan a sortie, like the famous night ride of Lucan through the Kieper mountains; and when he falls on the enemy the surprise rivals that of the capture and explosion of William's siege-train—"*Sarsfield is the word and Sarsfield is the man!*"

It was fit that this Anglo-Irish poet should sing in matchless verse the glory of that proud race who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves"; whose mournful yet inspiring history, extending over many ruin-marked centuries, forms part of the chief tragedy of Ireland. The poet was worthy of his theme, and never did he strike grander notes than when he chanted the splendid lay of *The Geraldines*.

The Geraldines—the Geraldines! 'tis full a thousand years
Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their battle spears;
When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron shields were known,
And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of the Garonne;
Across the downs of Hastings they spurred by William's side,
And the gray sands of Palestine with Moslem blood they dyed;
But never then, nor thence, till now, has falsehood or disgrace
Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his face.

Ye Geraldines—ye Geraldines!—how royally ye reigned
O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English arts disdained;
Your sword made knights, your banner saved, free was your bugle call
By Glyn's green slopes, and Dingle's tide, from Barrow's banks to Youghal.
What gorgeous shrines, what brehon lore, what minstrel feats there were
In and around Maynooth's gray keep, and palace-filled Adare!
But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin were press'd;
And foeman fled, when "*Crom abo*" bespoke your lance in rest.

True Geraldine! brave Geraldine!—as torrents mould the earth,
You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy and worth;
When Ginckle 'leaguered Limerick, the Irish soldiers gazed
To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's banner blazed!

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And still it is the peasant's hope upon the Curragh's mere,
" They live, who'll see ten thousand men with good Lord Edward here "—
So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by Edward's shade,
But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be arrayed!

Davis has tenderness as well as strength, else he could not be the truly Irish poet he is. It is indeed a tragic pathos that overflows in the *Lament on the Death of Owen Roe,* the simplest yet most passionate elegy in the language.

I am tempted to revert to history for a moment, to that black page seared with the curse of Cromwell. The man who was a liberator as well as a regicide in England played the triple part of butcher, bigot and enslaver in Ireland. Mark his words: " I meddle with no man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience you mean liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing with you, and to let you know where the Parliament of England has power, that will not be allowed."

And Oliver was as good as his word. When he took Drogheda he ordered nearly the entire garrison hacked to pieces in cold blood, together with all the friars in the town. But that was hardly enough to warrant him in piously returning thanks to God, according to his wont. There was also a wholesale butchery of the women and children, and, without claiming specific credit for this, " it is good," as Cromwell modestly observed, " that God above have all the glory." Wexford was served in like fashion—" a marvellous great mercy " he called it—no quarter being given and nearly three thousand soldiers and citizens slaughtered like sheep.

These items may persuade us that the doomed Irish people had good and sufficient cause to mourn the loss of Owen Roe O'Neil, the only man in their army at all capable of opposing the iron puritan in the field.

Long as the heroic O'Neil has been sleeping, it will be longer yet ere such lines as these shall lose their power to move the Irish heart.

Wail—wail ye for the Mighty One! Wail—wail ye for the Dead!
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head!
How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.

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Sagest in the council was he,—kindest in the hall,
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.
Had he lived—had he lived, our dear country had been free;
But he's dead—but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be!

Wail—wail him thro' the Island! Weep—weep for our pride!
Would that on the battle-field our gallant Chief had died!
Weep the Victor of Benburb—weep him, young men and old;
Weep for him, ye women—your beautiful lies cold.

We thought you would not die—we were sure you could not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow:
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—
O! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?

Soft as a woman's was your voice, O'Neil!—bright was your eye.
O, why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;
But we're slaves and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you die?

In the columns of the *Nation*, that brilliant and daring organ of the New-Irelanders, poetry like *Fontenoy* and *The Geraldines* was rightly held to make proselytes to the cause of revolution; but no dalliance with the softer muses was encouraged—not, at least, as forming part of the patriotic programme. However, God in His wisdom has rarely made an Irishman—not to say, an Irish poet—without the capacity of loving; and so Davis has at least one love song which may well persuade us that his poet nature was complete. Humble though it be and born of the refrain of many a simple ballad, it has yet the pure pearl of sentiment, the fine gold of sterling poetry.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

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O, your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

Something in the Irish character—something of the genius of the race—seems to have died with the brilliant fiasco of New Ireland. There have been patriots since, but few of the fellowship of Mitchel. As for the poets of 'Forty-eight, we shall not look upon their like again. A certain impatience of Irish poetry, patriotism, sentiment, is manifest after that period, as if the world resented having had its sympathies too warmly engaged, to no purpose, and was bound it should not be so taken in again. For the world, like the individual, is selfish, and does not care to spend its grace with no prospect of return.

The revolutionary spirit which animated these "high sons of the lyre" has long since died out (the Fenian fever of a later day was hardly a heroic symptom) and although one may not safely predicate either of Irish patriotism or Irish temperament, it is improbable that we of this generation shall live to see a flame rekindled from its ashes. The paltering ways of parliamentary reform, the doctrine of moral suasion, the "paradise of cold hearts"—to apply a phrase from Macaulay—will not give us another Davis, another Mangan.

Now and then, mayhap, a fierce note shall be struck out of the sullen apathy of the people, recalling that splendid burst of poetry, that rapture of patriotism, which marked the magic era of 'Forty-eight. But the lover of *Dark Rosaleen* shall lie quiet in his obscure grave; the elegist of O'Neil shall not waken from his dreamless sleep. If consciousness shall ever come to these, under the weeping dews, the caressing shamrocks, it must be in that day for which the children of Erin cease not to cry, like the psalmist, and in which their faith is as enduring as the mercy of their God.

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THE NEW YORK PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSIONS

JOHN S. KENNEDY

THE New York Public Service Commissions law has been on the statute books exactly five years, has passed its experimental stage, is the model from which other States have framed their regulating laws, and its successful working-out is being used as the principal argument for similar laws in nearly every State in the Union. The enactment of this law is regarded as the greatest achievement of the two notable terms that Charles E. Hughes served the State as Governor. The writer recently heard a distinguished justice of the Supreme Court of New York declare it the greatest piece of constructive legislation enacted in the State for a quarter of a century.

When Governor Hughes took office in 1907 he found two regulatory commissions: the Board of Railroad Commissioners having control over steam and electric railroads, and the Commission of Gas and Electricity over gas and electrical corporations. The laws under which these commissions proceeded were weak and ineffective, for while the railroad commission had supervision over railroads in a general way, it had power only to recommend to corporations that improvements or betterments to service should be made; and if the direction was not complied with, it became necessary for the Attorney-General to take action for the protection of the public interests. The Governor was quick to discover the inadequacy of the State's control over the large number of corporations engaged in the public service. There was a lack of precision in the definition of the powers of the board, penalties were not provided if its orders were disregarded, and there was an absence of suitable means to compel compliance with its decisions. There was only superficial regulation of the issue of securities, and stock watering was rampant in the State. The Governor found that all the ills which forced Federal regulation of interstate commerce were present in an extreme degree, that favoritism was being practised, that secret rebates were allowed, and that there was no end to unjust discriminations in rates and facilities for transportation. The law also

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provided that the expenses of the board should be borne by the railroad corporations; and the Governor declared this plan of reimbursing the State to be wholly indefensible, and that if the supervision of railroads was in the interest of all the people, then the cost of maintenance of a commission to regulate the railroads should be borne by the people as were other expenses of administration. He also contended that the existence of an additional commission to regulate gas and electricity was an unnecessary duplication of supervisory commissions.

The Governor advised the abolition of the two commissions and the establishment of the Public Service Commissions, one to have supervision over steam and street railroads, gas and electrical corporations in Greater New York, and another, to be known as the Second District Commission, to have jurisdiction over all the State outside of the greater city. No legislation ever before proposed in the State of New York met with more bitter opposition from corporate interests. The hearings before the legislature were attended by the ablest corporation lawyers in the land, who pointed out all kinds of alleged defects and impractical provisions, and argued that if the bill should be enacted into law it would drive capital from the State and do irreparable damage to public service corporations. It was only after numerous public meetings had been held about the State, with speeches and statements by Governor Hughes, that public sentiment so demonstrated itself that the legislature finally passed the bill by a practically unanimous vote.

This Public Service Commissions law, as is generally known, is most drastic, and covers every possible condition of public service operation and capitalization. Heavy penalties are provided for disobedience of the orders of the commissions, and power is given to enforce their collection. Notwithstanding the predictions and fears of the past, President Vail of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company tells us that "public control of public service corporations by permanent commissions has come to stay." As indicative of the present-day attitude of the corporations after five years of regulation, the statement of President William C. Brown, of the New York Central Railroad, is typical. He said in a recent report: "The mutual har-

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monies and pleasant relations of this company with its patrons and the communities through which it passes have been fostered and encouraged by the commission in disposing of and adjusting differences which, handled with less wisdom and moderation, might have resulted in serious friction and controversy"; and "that the influence of the commission has been uniformly beneficial to the road and done much to improve the service for the public." Francis Lynde Stetson, the well-known corporation lawyer, told the Railroad Securities Commission that when the law was adopted in the State he had doubts as to its advisability, but "as administered it is perfectly satisfactory; a step in advance."

No question can be raised as to the high degree of confidence and approbation with which these State bodies are regarded by the public. A complainant aptly expressed the feeling of the citizenship of the State when he wrote that "private individuals can now have the privilege of meeting the corporations on something like fair ground. The people of the State have come to look upon the commissions as forums where differences of opinion between the public and the corporations find a speedy and inexpensive solution, and any attempt to abolish the commissions or lessen their powers would meet with almost universal disapproval. The corporations find that it is no longer necessary for them to have legislative agents at the Capitol to combat "strike legislation," as the commissions, under their general or special powers, are enabled to correct almost any conditions which may arise. There is no longer bitterness on the part of the corporations against a citizen complaining of their service, and the investigation conducted by a commission with adequate authority assumes in most cases more the aspect of a friendly reference than contested litigation. It being now an accepted axiom that the operation of a public utility is a public trust, there has come with the commissions a keen realization of the obligations due the public, and all along the line efforts are being made by corporations to win and hold public favor.

The magnitude of the work of these commissions can best be understood when it is known that the New York City Commission has under its supervision 1,555 miles of street surface,

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elevated and underground railways, and 82 miles of steam railroads, carrying 1,600,000,000 passengers annually, and collecting from the public nearly eighty million dollars each twelve months. The 183 corporations in the greater city have a nominal capitalization of $1,120,000,000. The gas and electrical corporations in this District sell $60,000,000 of their products each year. The city commission has already authorized upward of a quarter of a billion dollars of new capitalization. During May of this year this commission approved five additional rapid transit routes. With these routes the work of laying out the lines for the dual system of subways is practically completed, which assures the consummation of the greatest rapid transit undertaking in the world. Within five years it will give to New York City a system of subways and elevated lines of about six hundred miles of single track, costing in its entirety, including the cost of the existing subway, about $400,000,000, exclusive of the cost of the existing elevated railroads which will be a part of the system, though owned by private companies.

The commission of the Second or up-State District exercises jurisdiction throughout a territory which has a population of nearly five million people. Within that territory the commission possesses regulating powers over more than one thousand corporations. The steam railroad mileage is 17,743, and the street railroad 4,700. There are 184 steam railroad corporations, 124 street railroad corporations, 7 express companies, 1 sleeping-car company, 294 electrical corporations, 143 gas corporations, 50 combined gas and electrical corporations, 10 telegraph corporations, and 142 telephone corporations. No other State has such a network of steam railroads, and their equipment is not excelled in all the world. The street railways now in operation in New York State alone would reach from New York to San Francisco, and back again as far as Denver. The State contains nearly twice as many miles of trolley tracks as are laid throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain. For every thousand inhabitants added to this State during the last decade, a full mile of new street railway road-bed is recorded as having been built and equipped at a cost of about seventy-five dollars per capita, and the New York State Street Railway Association claims that

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its members have now provided more than a yard of track to every man, woman and child in the whole State. The corporations in this District have a capitalization of nearly five billion dollars, and in the past five years the commission has authorized the issuance of new securities to the amount of nearly seven hundred million dollars. During the year 1911 the commission gave its approval to the issuance of new capitalization to the amount of $162,581,718.52. At this writing the commission has pending applications for additional capitalization to the amount of one hundred million dollars.

Inasmuch as the commission of the First District is concerned exclusively with the regulating of public utilities in the City of New York, though exercising State functions, it will be the purpose of this article as concerns detail work to treat of the Second District, which comprises all the State outside of Greater New York, and which has conditions akin to those generally found in other States. The number of matters brought to the attention of this commission during the five years is over ten thousand, covering every variety of circumstances possible in connection with the operation of public utilities. Of this great number of complaints, appeals, and applications, 70 per cent. have been adjusted amicably without one cent of cost to the complainants or applicants. The commission always endeavors to adjust complaints in an informal way, and this policy has been productive of great good. Hundreds of cases have been quickly adjusted by informal means which would have been disastrous to citizens if required to await long and tedious formal proceedings. A simple letter from the humblest citizen will set the powerful machinery of the commission in motion, and, if the cause is found to be just, the matter will not be closed until relief is afforded. Cases are made formal only when substantial propositions of adjustment have failed by informal means. The public hearings are conducted with dignity, but the procedure is so simple that any citizen can conduct his own case.

That the commission is a busy one may be inferred from the statement that in the last year 285 days were devoted to public hearings by commissioners, and 572 formal matters were on the calendar. The commission has had its lighter vein in the great

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number of complaints and communications of various kinds, on about every conceivable question, from individuals who have mistaken the purposes for which the commission was organized and considered it the panacea for all the evils inflicted on mankind.

When the commission came into existence there was widespread complaint of slow freight service. Buffalo, the gateway to lake traffic and the rail lines of the west, was without sufficient terminal facilities, and delays beyond all reason were the rule. The strong hand of the commission took hold of the situation, and freight moves through the great railroad yards of Buffalo with as much ease and facility as at the smallest junction point in the State. A traffic bureau, with branch office at Buffalo, is constantly on the watch for congested conditions in freight terminals, and the commission's inspectors are quickly on the ground when any unusual condition arises and stay until the congestion is relieved and remedies applied which will prevent recurrences.

Soon after its organization the commission received many complaints concerning irregular and unreliable schedules of passenger trains. After an exhaustive investigation a system of train delay reports was adopted: every train arriving at a division terminal five minutes or more late must be reported to the commission, together with the cause of delay. Each month the record is tabulated and published. Under this system many divisions have shown a record of every train on time. Railroads have vied with each other for records, and one division of a system has aimed to better the record of another, with the result that passenger train service in the State is at the highest possible point of efficiency. In sections of the State where the service was inadequate additional trains have been ordered, and at stations not having adequate train service requirement has been made that additional trains stop at these stations.

Every mile of railroad in the State is frequently inspected by high class engineers experienced in the work of actual railroading, and their examinations are recognized as thorough and helpful to the railroads. The supervision of locomotives and safety appliances is in charge of a bureau of the commission which devotes its entire time to maintenance of locomotives so that the motive power of railroads may be adequate and in proper condi-

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tion. A systematic supervision and inspection is also made of the boilers of locomotives, to the end that they may be fit for the best class of service and that the lives of employees and passengers may be safeguarded. The system in effect has been adopted without change, in the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and is a model upon which many other States are prescribing regulations for inspection of locomotive boilers. The Interstate Commerce Commission's regulations are practically identical with those first established in this State. Every railroad accident of consequence is investigated, and when it appears that such accident was caused by defective equipment, road-bed conditions, or methods of operation, orders are made effective with the intent of preventing a repetition of the occurrence.

The commission, after a thorough examination into the cause of fires in the Forest Preserves, conducted by a commissioner who is an expert in locomotive building, ordered the steam railroads to use oil-burning locomotives in operating through the Adirondacks. This was the first step taken by any State, in the East at least, for the protection of forests from fires caused by sparks from coal-burning locomotives, and the result has been most gratifying. In 1908, the year before this order was made, 370,000 acres of wooded land in the Forest Preserves were destroyed, and the money damage in the Adirondacks was over $800,000. Since the oil-burning locomotives were put into use there have been no fires of any consequence, and last season the record shows only one railroad fire of any importance.

The commission has set itself steadfastly against additional grade crossings where new railroads are constructed and in every case possible crossings other than at grade are required. Orders have been made requiring protection to be established at large numbers of dangerous existing grade crossings.

The commission issues a weekly bulletin of changes in carriers' tariff schedules, which is sent free to all chambers of commerce, business men's associations, hundreds of shippers, and the press.

In September, 1910, the jurisdiction of the commission was extended to telegraph and telephone corporations throughout the entire State, including New York City, and the work of

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supervision of these corporations is now fully organized. Soon after it assumed jurisdiction complaint was made that the rates between the Borough of Manhattan and the Borough of Brooklyn, New York City, were excessive. After a very careful consideration of all the facts and circumstances concerning the telephone business as conducted by the New York Telephone Company in the city of New York, the commission entered an order reducing the Interborough charge from ten to five cents. This order, on a basis of last year's business between these boroughs, affects more than thirty million messages annually. The order also included a general readjustment of toll rates within the city, and later brought about a change of rates between the Borough of Manhattan and points in New Jersey served by the company. The expressions of satisfaction received from citizens of both boroughs were many and sincere. As indicating the scope of the commission's watchfulness of the operations of this class of corporations, its telephone division last year, in addition to investigating numerous complaints, inspected 424 central offices serving 372,860 sub-stations.

The users of gas and electricity have been gainers by the work of supervision. A corps of inspectors is constantly watching the purity and quality of the gas supplied, testing meters on complaint, requiring necessary apparatus and proper methods of manufacture and distribution, and many hundred of differences between patrons and companies are adjusted. New companies are not allowed to enter occupied fields where there is only sufficient business for one concern; but to be assured of this protection the commission requires that the existing company give the best of service, with rates that are reasonable under all the circumstances. A case in point was at Niagara Falls, where a new company tried to become the competitor of an old-established company. The service which the existing company afforded was not the best, and the rates for such service were too high. The commission gave the established company an opportunity to improve its service and to decrease its rates, before entering a determination upon the petition of the new corporation. The result was that the city in question obtained a reduction for its street lighting from $65 to $52 per lamp, the indi-

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vidual users of power received better service, and the new corporation did not enter the field, which was insufficient to support two companies. This action, therefore, improved the service, reduced the rates, and probably avoided two receiverships.

The commission is now sharply after a number of municipal lighting plants because of the laxity of their accounting methods. There are fifty in the jurisdiction; and it is stated that such municipal plants are, with a few commendable exceptions, unable or unwilling to adopt practices of modern accounting, and in many instances the bookkeeping is limited to a record of consumers' accounts and a simple statement of receipts and disbursements with little or no attempt at analysis or classification. In some cases the affairs of the lighting plants are so interrelated with those of water or some other department, and the accounts of the two departments are so confused, that it is impossible to determine the actual results of the operations of either department. The commission remarks that it is a matter of supreme importance, when municipalities embark in business enterprises, that they should adopt businesslike methods. The citizens of many a village are convinced that their lighting service is cheap when as a matter of fact it is dear, because the lack of a proper accounting system fails to reveal the actual conditions.

The commission's requirements prescribing uniform accounts have brought about conditions of the utmost value to the public in its personal uses of public utilities. After a most complete study of conditions as it found them, the commission ordered systems of accounts based on the fundamental principles of economics as applied to corporation accounting: depreciation accounts are provided; discounts on securities must not be capitalized, but paid from earnings; operating expenses are so defined that there is no excuse for charging them to capital; betterments cannot be included in operating expenses, but must be charged either to capital or directly to income; entries on the books are required to be definite and plain, and a double-entry method only is allowed. With the systems ordered by the commission, the books will indicate the true state of affairs of all corporations: for the benefit of the public whose franchises they enjoy, and for the benefit of investors whose money is in the business.

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The last and probably the most important function to be spoken of is that of the regulation of capitalization. In this regard the commission stands in the front rank. Before the passing of this calendar year it will have passed on applications nearing the billion dollar mark. In 1907, when the State entered upon the regulation of public utility corporations, it was found that a great many corporations had gone to the extreme in putting out stock and bond issues with no property value back of them. It was found that at the organization of many corporations the common stock at least represented no value, was usually given as a bonus to enlist capital, and the only hope of the holders was in unusual earning capacity, which, as the record shows, rarely developed. The Court of Appeals, in commenting on the necessity for the law, remarked in an opinion: "For a generation or more the public has been frequently imposed upon by the issues of stock and bonds of public service corporations for improper purposes, without actual consideration therefor, by company officers seeking to enrich themselves at the expense of innocent and confiding investors."

The commission has done much to correct this situation. It can hardly be called a reform; it is more properly an evolution. The corporations which formerly honestly but unthinkingly capitalized operating expenses, losses of income, replacements and interest, are now having the situation put accurately before them with a clear statement of the inevitable result. Frenzied finance and wild-cat speculations are dead. The dishonest promoter has relinquished his activities within the State and turned his attention to more fertile and less regulated fields. The moral effect of the commission's scrutiny of applications, and the examination of the books and papers of the companies at their own places of business, is undoubtedly infinitely greater than the actual tangible results. Many companies which regarded bookkeeping as a luxury, to be indulged in only after proceeds were realized, have now come to the conclusion that rather than let a proper system of accounts wait until profits are realized, it is better to note the actual conditions of business and avoid unexpected receiverships. Some of the larger interests, which were engaged in promotion of new enterprises according to the doctrine of the

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old school, the cost to be defrayed by the issue of bonds, and most of the stock to be given as a bonus, are winding up their finances on such bases, and their extensions and future financing are to be conducted upon the basis of dollar spent for dollar issued.

With reference to large interests which have been formed since the organization of the commission, it is requiring them to organize on a sound financial basis, with reasonable but not excessive rewards to promoters. As to large enterprises which were not fully completed upon the organization of the commission, but whose plans as to financing were definitely fixed before it became organized and cognizant of the details, it is, with due regard to the rights of innocent parties and the necessity to the public for completion of such enterprises, requiring a correct financial statement and the paring down wherever possible of watered capitalization.

The supervision of capitalization has had but one effect, that of enforcing sound and honorable principles in corporate management. If the commission is to regulate corporations as to service and rates, it must of necessity control their capitalization. Rates, service and capitalization are so closely related that it is impossible to deal with one without a consideration of the effect upon the others. It is the fact, repeatedly testified to before the commissions, that securities authorized by the commissions command a premium from the bond houses and investors.

At a hearing before the commission, the head of one of the largest trolley properties in the country said that it had cost a great deal of money to adjust the affairs of his properties to meet the requirements of the law, but in the end he and his associates were gratified, as wherever he went bond houses told him that securities authorized by the commission commanded from two to three points premium, because the investing public had come to know that before authority to issue had been given, careful scrutiny and examination had been exercised and it was assured that the security represented actual value.

Commenting on the work of the commission, *The Electrical World* recently said: "The Up-State Commission has not hesitated to criticise financial or other methods which it thought in-

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compatible with the public interest, but it has undertaken no general probing investigations, and its hearings, although open to the public, are not prolific of newspaper sensations. Its work has been conducted quietly and with a policy to make precedents slowly, in the belief that its work would not be a permanent element in history unless its decisions were so fair minded as to appeal to the respect and justice of well balanced minds."

This commission, acting as a quasi-judicial body, divorced from politics, has not been influenced or swayed by any consideration other than the merits of the cases in which it has been called to administer the law. Politics has had no place in the selection of its staff, and every appointment has been made with merit, ability and personal character as the sole qualifications.

Regulation of railroads and other utilities by direct action of legislation is unquestionably impracticable under modern business methods, and between the socialistic doctrine of government ownership, and regulating control, there can be no argument but that the latter alternative, as administered in New York State, is the practical solution of this important question. The only danger to the public or to the corporations from the existence of the law will be when unscrupulous and designing men gain majority control and use its great powers for their aggrandizement or selfish purposes. That this can be possible, with present-day conditions of the public mind, is incomprehensible.

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THE WOMEN OF THE SHAWLS

SHAEMAS O SHEEL

BY my windows, which look out
On a polite and pleasant street,
There often pass
Women of the dingy quarter down the hill;
Creatures of primary faith and primitive doubt,
Brief love and narrow faith and small deceit,
Brief sleep, long toil, a roof, a rag, and meat,
Patience beneath unrealized defeat,—
Mortgaged too deep to Fate, alas!
To leave much scope for will.
And they are slow and large and ponderous,
And are not beautiful as all women should be,
And under Life's incessant mockery
That by which woman chiefly is beauteous,
Wonder and sweet illusion, has quite gone.
And like a burdened river they move on,
With no complaint, no choice, no change, no thrill,
Brown clods with so much muscle, so much nerve,
A womb and two breasts each, who still must serve
As Fate directs, until
Fate bids them be quite still—
I fancy they are placid when they go.
And so
They pass, each folded in a sullen shawl,
Death's froward symbol, Life's ironic pall.

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G. K. CHESTERTON

O. W. Firkins

I

TWENTY years ago one would have said that the style of Macaulay, except as a qualifying force, had disappeared from English literature—that it belonged with the sackbut and the virginals, with the baldric and the coat-of-mail, among the curiosities of history. But the fact of death is not always established, in literature at least, by the fact of inquest, and one of the alertest of our younger writers has taken the relic from its cabinet, reset and refurbished it, and found its merits preferable to the praise of originality. The old marks of Macaulay, the short, forcible sentence with the velocity and the impact of a missile, the clash of a word upon its repeated self like jingling castanets, the old readiness, if not quite the old richness and remoteness of allusion, the controversial zest, the glow of conflict, the impatience of half-truths and half-certainties, the insistence that all assertions shall be sweeping and all demonstrations final, the old and more than the old fertility of comparison and the relish for the homely simile that rivets and clamps the idea, the fearless use of balance, the terse, casual sarcasm which, like the scythe on the chariot, does execution as an incident of transit—all these traits, for the most part unabated and altogether unabashed, reappear to-day in the style of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton.

But the later writer has not been content with a duplication of his prototype; he has gone further and evolved a serious style which might have passed without question as a burlesque of Macaulay. He has added a daredevil and boisterous tone (confined, it is true, to things intellectual), a curious and motley word-play, from the pun up, of which now the felicity, now the triviality, is electrifying, a more than Macaulayesque pertinacity in hounding a thought to its death and baiting it after its surrender, and a delight in paradox which assimilates his pages to those circus billboards in which acrobats figure in every form

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of topsy-turviness and contortion. In spite of some higher and less strident traits, such as the searching epithet that rather distils than describes an object, and a fancy whimsical even to elfishness, the total effect remains, in one word, shrill: it is exaggeration passing into caricature; it is Browne superadded to Dickens.

II

There are vehicles in which the whir and whiz of the mechanism destroy for the time being the sense of surroundings and the interest in destination. The perception of message, of substance, almost of mind itself, in Mr. Chesterton's work is swept away at the outset by the deadening and deafening effect of his omnipresent and overbearing style. Later on, we perceive in his make-up an analyst and a logician. His pursuit of generalizations is unflagging; he is never happy with a fact until he has matched it with a principle. He is not only willing to introduce philosophy into the brief newspaper sketches of which he has republished several volumes (*Tremendous Trifles, All Things Considered, Alarms and Discursions*); he is unwilling to leave it out. He has an eye for objects and the gift of picture, but a case of pure description or pure record in these sketches is hardly discoverable. His mind moves like a shuttle from picture to theory and from theory to picture, providing an illustration for every thesis and an hypothesis for every fact; but it cannot abide long and easily in either the abstract or the concrete; it does not pass naturally like a poet's from picture to picture, nor like a mathematician's or metaphysician's from theory to theory. Like Emerson, like the great maxim-writers, he stands for the philosopher as distinct, in point of fact divided, from the systematizer. He can scarcely write a treatise; his *Orthodoxy* is a chain of papers; his critiques are successions of insights. He divagates even in newspaper sketches; he always rambles when he is short of time.

The logician is hardly less conspicuous. The swiftness, the deftness, the crispness, are, in this field also, extraordinary; the author runs up and down the logical rigging of the syllogism, the analogy, or the dilemma with the agility of a sailor or a cat.

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The reader is committed to revolutionary or discomfiting conclusions before he has had time to catch his bearings or to get his breath; everything is proved, proved off-hand, proved completely, proved redundantly; errors go down before his spear at a touch, but knowing he is Chesterton. Yet nothing, in the long run, is more suspicious than the appearance of universal cogency. The claim, like that of infallibility, is discredited by its very compass. Every man who grasps the mixed and doubtful nature of about half the truths in the moral world knows that an aspect of conclusiveness cannot be at the same time universal (or even widespread) and genuine. An opening is made for extreme reactions, for suspicions of trickery and superficiality, which, in some cases and notably in Mr. Chesterton's, are only partly justified.

An actual test of the logic proves that if Mr. Chesterton belongs to the class of generals who claim victories even when they are beaten, he belongs also to the class who win victories. His reasoning at its best is annihilative; it makes an end both of the topic and the antagonist. His refutations, in particular, are sometimes of incredible cogency and address. He can expose the contradictions in the multifarious arguments of the diverse assailants of Christianity with unequalled brilliancy and effect; he can puncture the Nietzschean "superman" ambiguity with a dexterity that is exhilarating, he can riddle the "up-to-date" or "modernist" fallacy in a score of careless but irrefutable sentences. On the other hand, no man is more prone to defend the idlest errors on the flimsiest grounds; he makes mistakes from which five minutes' thought should have saved a stupid man. Never was a mind at once so acute and so unwary, as no mind so original ever succumbed so often to the obvious. The latter fact may be explained by a style which gives a glaze of originality even to a platitude, and the former, possibly, by the faith that his unwariness will lead him into no trap from which his acuteness will prove insufficient to release him. We should exaggerate little in affirming that the chances are about even that a dictum of Mr. Chesterton's will turn out to be a truism magnificently restated, a brilliant but fallacious novelty, or an insight of real originality and power.

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III

Mr. Chesterton's literary and artistic criticism includes a keen little book on *Varied Types,* two works on Dickens and one on Browning, authors congenial through vitality, optimism, and grotesqueness; biographies of G. F. Watts and William Blake, with whom his point of contact is mysticism or religion; and a monograph on George Bernard Shaw. These works are able, incisive, and unequal. Mr. Chesterton affects to disdain literature, and practises criticism with a princely unconcern. His judgment of wholes or totals is impaired by the want of system which reduces his works to mere groups of insights, and by his tendency to confuse the important with the exciting, or, in other words, to confound what is worth stating with what can be stated strongly. If Mr. Chesterton were sent to measure the dimensions of a beam and found the length and breadth normal but the thickness extraordinary, he would report only on the thickness. It is unfortunate for the adequacy of such a method that half the truths in criticism are unsensational.

His sense of beauty, art, technique, is insufficient. For mere sound or phrasing indeed, particularly if it be odd or freakish, he has a rare sensitiveness which has made him an incorrigible punster and an incomparable parodist. But his criticism undervalues art and beauty. He calls Browning, in a phrase in which grammar and sense expire together, "on the whole a very perfect artist," and imagines the case against that poet's art to be disposed of by proving the large variety of his metres and literary forms and by the sounding but very inconclusive doctrine that the rugged and grotesque are legitimate ingredients in art. Out of twenty-four poetical quotations in the same volume, only one is cited for its beauty, and many of the others show the poet's crabbedness and contortedness at its height.

The first of literary merits in Mr. Chesterton's eyes is concurrence with his personal philosophy. This leads to some curious warpings of judgment. Mr. Toots, for instance, falls in with certain prepossessions of the critic in behalf of fools, and is forthwith canonized as "in some ways the masterpiece of

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Dickens." Many persons, for whom folly, even in Mr. Chesterton, is not august, love Mr. Toots well enough to look mildly on this gross exaggeration, but tolerance ceases at the point where Cousin Feenix, who happens to corroborate the critic's own disparaging view of the English upper classes, is made one in an artistic triad with Mr. Toots himself and Major Bagstock—an exaltation, it should seem, as disconcerting to that amiable aristocrat as to the every-day reader and critic.

The compensations for these failings are generous. Mr. Chesterton is very quick-sighted where he is not blind, his stock of ideas is exhaustless, and he has a freedom both of vision and of utterance which is quite unhampered by any regard for past critics or any deference for his contemporaries. His private bias has done him a great service; it has freed him from the bias of his time; it is remote from the really harmful type of critical prejudice, the prejudice which the reader shares. Again, Mr. Chesterton faces an author, not as critic to subject, but as man to man; and if this subjects his work to some professional handicaps, it enriches it, on the other hand, with compensating vitalities and humanities. He possesses, moreover, the noble and somewhat rare gift of enthusiasm; before an author whom he loves all his self-assertion and self-sufficiency drop from him in that unreserved and exultant self-surrender which, in men like Dickens, or Browning, or Swinburne, raised homage almost to the level of its object. He can be humble at times, and humility in Mr. Chesterton is very restful. The noteworthy charm of the brief study of G. F. Watts, an essay of subdued key and tempered cleverness, suggests the degree to which his other works might have profited by an exchange of brilliancy for mellowness. It is pleasant to find that everywhere indeed, in the temple of the Muses, Mr. Chesterton lowers his voice a little. It is worth noting as we pass from the subject, that in *George Bernard Shaw*—a work from which it would be just possible for an uninformed stranger to discover that Mr. Shaw was a man of letters—we have almost the only marked instance in Mr. Chesterton's work of a real and fairly equal balancing of faults and merits.

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IV

Criticism, for Mr. Chesterton, is a mere study of the human spirit as disclosed in literature, whether as conveyed in its contents or exemplified in its methods; it is a section of philosophy. We may summarize his own philosophy in half a dozen propositions.

First: he upholds a Christianity, orthodox and ritualistic but otherwise undefined, on grounds drawn chiefly from man's psychical needs and barely touching the historical argument. This means collision with the experts and the evolutionists who try his Christianity in a double sense. Second: his defence of a great popular tradition blends naturally with the glorification of the common man, evinced not only in the democratic ideal of government, but in a firm trust in the righteousness, authority, and sanctity of the universal instincts of which the common man is the depositary. The existence of paradox in Mr. Chesterton is therefore itself paradoxical, since it contradicts the universal beliefs whose authority he concedes. Third: as "progress" so-called is drawing men away from Christianity, or at least orthodoxy, he naturally insists that advance need not be amelioration, and that the location of an idea in time has no effect upon its value; on the abstract question he is here quite irrefutable. Fourth: he is a liberal in politics, but an individualist by temperament; he upholds a robust nationality, undiluted with cosmopolitanism and purged of the imperialistic virus. Fifth: he dilates on the wonder latent in the normal and the common, and reveres the ignorance, even the folly, on which these wonders fall with their primal force. Sixth: he preaches a militant and hardy optimism, expressing itself in loyalty to what he calls in a beautiful phrase "the flag of the world."

Three observations may be made on this philosophy. First of all, it is a somewhat curious blending of the instinctive and the conventional. There is enough of elemental, primordial humanity in this creed to impart a real piquancy to the discovery that its holder reveres tradition, upholds convention, and has even

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a kind word for artifice. The explanation, however, is simple: the first or primary attitude of men toward convention is poetic and reverent, the second slavish, the third rebellious or disdainful; the third of these attitudes is a protest against the second; Mr. Chesterton has adhered to the first.

We are struck, in the second place, by the absence of novelty and audacity in these propositions: a platform of this kind could be submitted without perturbation to a New England village tea-party or to the British House of Lords. Many of Mr. Chesterton's statements, many of his secondary opinions, are novel and sensational, but the paradox that impregnates his constitution reappears in the fact that his cardinal tenets are unoriginal and unexciting. The novelty lies in the circumstance that he has brought the radical temper to the support of the conservative idea; he neither skulks nor truckles nor propitiates; in assurance, in dexterity, in gayety, in the very levity and wantonness of courage, he outruns his coolest antagonists. He has shown that a sally of the garrison may have more impetus than an assault of the besiegers.

The final comment on these articles of faith is that they gain approval even where they fail to win assent; their manly, tonic, and invigorating quality impresses even the unconvinced. A man who preaches an impassioned and romantic Christianity, and who adds to that the Jeffersonian doctrine of democracy, the Wordsworthian and Tolstoyan doctrine of the majesty of the untutored man, the Carlylean doctrine of wonder, the Emersonian doctrine of the spirituality latent in all objects, the Dickensian faith in the worth and wisdom of the feeble-minded, the Browningesque standard of optimism, affects us as a man with whom, whatever his vagaries and harlequinries, it would be wholesome and inspiriting to live.

The two chief intellectual services of Mr. Chesterton are the pointing out that, for purposes of trial and judgment, the tendency of an age is not on the bench but in the dock, and the assertion of the claims of the human spirit against what must appear, from its own point of view, the foreign and barbaric ascendency of science.

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V

We come at length to the last, the deepest, and the most surprising truth in the constitution of this peculiar mind. The strength of this performer, this acrobat, this rhetorician, this littérateur lies finally in a few primordial instincts. This nature which seemed to value life as an interesting prerequisite to epigrams is inherently simple, and the power which seemed knack and trick is at bottom organic. A few primal leanings or gravitations, a few wilful unconquerable instincts—these are the ultimate, the authentic Chesterton.

He belongs to that class of men who find in their personal wants a code for humanity. As every perception becomes in his mind the source of a generalization, every feeling becomes the basis of a law. He loves wine, and is pained by the ingratitude to God involved in the existence of teetotalers. He eats his lamb chop with relish, and he shudders at the impiety of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who prefers vegetables. He finds philosophy succulent, and philosophy is forthwith installed as the regimen for the human race. He has a personal delight in paradox, and paradox is straightway promoted into the stay and groundwork of the universe. He is constitutionally intolerant, because for him the routes to well-doing and well-being are single.

There is in all his feelings, however, a tart and brusque sincerity, a cheery and laughing hardihood, which make them sanative and quickening. We are not surprised to find this unfettered and untutored spring of feeling expressed in lyrics, which run wild like tomboys, but which need only a little grooming to become captivating. He praises wine with a candor which will suggest moderation to one type of mind quite as plainly as it suggests indulgence to another. He expresses his love for women and children with invigorating bluffness. He has a joy of fighting which sanely stops short of an advocacy of war. His contempt for unwieldy fortunes and unchastened luxury is highly valuable because it is purely instinctive; in most men the contempt for wealth is a feeble exotic. Much of the man is expressed in the characteristic declaration that, next to prayer, a

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love-song, a drinking-song, and a war-song are the three highest utterances of the human spirit.

Mr. Chesterton's attitude toward religion is the most original and interesting thing in his constitution. A person ignorant of the term might gather from the Chestertonian allusions that religion was some fine old English sport like falconry or archery which a thankless nation had suffered to lapse into unmerited neglect. He even brackets the church with the tavern and beer with the Bible in his half-whimsical lists of the excellent and desirable things in life. He finds himself both religious and jocular—disposed even to combine religion with jocularity. The normal man would accept such incongruities as personal and casual, and would no more try to reconcile them than to harmonize his love of Plato with his love of oysters: Mr. Chesterton insists that the combination is primordial and cosmic. Laughter is the sign of that perfect adjustment of the individual spirit to the nature of things of which religion is the source. He goes so far as to make his maddest burlesque (the novels, *The Man Who Was Thursday, The Ball and the Cross, The Napoleon of Notting Hill*) the vehicle for his most solemn meditations, and even suggests humor as the unrevealed mystery in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

The opening for ridicule is obvious—too obvious indeed to be worth accepting—but in the fact itself combined with the simplicity of its avowal there is, for the thoughtful mind, something that is touching and reassuring. The grotesque touch is the touch that certifies for the very reason that it is for the hypocrite and the dilettante the touch that invalidates, and this half-grimace has the power to conduct us into the presence of an unassailable sincerity. Moreover, the impossibility of such an avowal from the sober respectabilities in literature, from Johnson or Burke, from Scott or Macaulay, from Tennyson or Arnold, reveals to us in a flash that Mr. Chesterton belongs to the race, though not to the class, of the great pregnant, primal, wilful temperaments, the Richters, the Heines, the Sternes, the Lambs, the Burnses, the Carlyles. In this trait or union of traits, a temperament, otherwise not exceptional, lays hold at the same moment of the seriousness that gives depth and the

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grotesqueness that bestows individuality. After this we are pleased rather than surprised to find this brisk and bounding personality capable of awe, capable even of passages which only just fall short of lofty religious exaltation.

This is the decisive and conclusive fact. When we have put aside the irrelevance of a style which is gratuitously bad in virtue of being superfluously good, the irrelevance of a logic which far more than the logic of the corridor or the crossing makes the responsible reader feel that eternal vigilance is the price of sanity, the half-relevance of a philosophy which adds little to the world's hoard of truth, we find the real man to consist, in essence, of real manhood, happily accompanied by a strong infusion of the properties of healthy boyhood and racily individualized by the salt of the grotesque. The zest of life has found a new incarnation.

VI

It is obviously too early to discuss the question of Mr. Chesterton's absolute value, his value for posterity. It is idle to forestall a verdict in the absence of half the evidence and of all the jurors. Two suggestions, however, are in place.

The style of an author, even when convicted of misrepresentation, does not cease to represent him; it still largely determines his effect upon mankind. Mr. Chesterton has been unfortunate in this point. Whether his style was a piece of mischief (a by no means impossible hypothesis), or the means which his love of excitement took to indemnify itself for the moderation of his doctrines, or an attempt to transfer to paper the seismic properties which he divined and extolled in the universe, it is certain that it presents a serious and sincere man in the likeness of a trickster and a mechanician. The deeper and richer notes in his diapason come to us dulled and confused through the charivari of epigrams and antitheses by which he re-convinces himself and his reader five or six times on a page that Mr. Chesterton is the cleverest of men. The danger is that the reader will content himself with this concession.

Granting that the style is unfair to the real seriousness of

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the man, it is proper to ask whether a still higher seriousness would not have prevented the adoption of that style. Granting that he mixes religion and mirth without hurt to his religion and with vast profit to his individuality, the question remains as to the nature of the inhibition which has made such a combination impossible to three-fourths of the evangelists and prophets. Is Mr. Chesterton the possessor of a deeper feeling and a finer insight like that which enabled Shakespeare in *King Lēar* to blend tragedy and comedy in a fashion impracticable to his weaker rivals? There is nothing in the nature of things to interdict the possibility, but there is also nothing in the nature of Mr. Chesterton to make its application plausible in the present case. Rather, his fine, fresh, boyish, untrammelled temper would suggest that the difference is explicable through his exclusion from an order of experience which subdues and saddens in the measure of the depth and enrichment it confers. It is this exclusion which may constitute for this robust and pungent intellect the drawback to greatness and the bar to immortality.

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PLATITUDE

VAN WYCK BROOKS

I HAD carried with me to San Francisco a little volume of Goethe's *Maxims*. Now by some chance I opened it again. What a singular change!

Formerly I had rebelled against these platitudes, as I had thought them, these large, clear, obvious generalizations. How is it possible, I had asked myself, for a mind of delicate fancies, delicate appreciations to externalize itself in this coarse, flat way? But now it struck me as the natural working of a mature judgment. And I saw that these large classifications have all the force of an experience of many things: that in maturity art is valid to us only in relation to life; that the æsthetic itself either becomes a philosophy or else, after a long period of increasing mental shabbiness, it perishes altogether.

Impulsively I resolved to turn away from the little books to make real acquaintance with the few great books—those "large draughts of intellectual day" which have marked epochs: Dante, Rabelais, Cervantes. It seemed to me that this practice must clear the mind of trifles and enable one perpetually to begin afresh with a few large, clear thoughts. For truly all the other books in the world are, so to speak, the penumbra of these great books and merely expand their connotations.

I began to see that the aim of almost all second-rate writers is to be original, while the only way in which they can be original is by being untrue. For every truth is surrounded by a dozen half-truths, every half-truth by a dozen quarter-truths, and the possible combinations are so numerous that in employing them a writer is reasonably certain not to repeat the conclusions of any other writer. Whereas, if he holds by the truth itself, in order to be effective he must have the greatest of all gifts, the gift of authority. I observed that all the really true writers had had precisely this authority; and that this had been so because their writings were the emanations of character, of nature speaking through them (with all of nature's peculiar habit of reiteration) rather than of the intellect proper.

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Is it not indeed the case that all true writing, reduced to its lowest terms, generally ends in what we call Platitude?—not in the oratorical sense, but in the sense that the soul recognizes it as a " foregone conclusion,"—the instructed soul, I mean. This is not, I know, the common mind's conception of literature, because the common mind is impatient of truth. It seeks in literature merely diversion, not refreshing convictions of life itself. The common mind, moreover, has a comparatively slight power of appreciation. In order to be impressed it requires a great quantity and variety of sensations, of external stimuli, higher and higher seasoning, the fantastic, the suggestive, and ultimately the perverted. But the instructed mind works precisely in the opposite direction, training itself to extract flavor and significance from simpler and ever simpler things. That is why the wisest men read books which common minds inevitably find stale, obvious, and insipid; while wisdom itself consists so largely in the power to comprehend Platitude—Homer, Cervantes, Goethe: the Platitude, that is, of high fantasy. *That* Platitude lies at the bottom of things, at the very source of true originality, because it is at the source also of human character, while the originality of lesser men lies somewhere between the bottom and the top. The reason why so many startling theorists do not go down to the bottom of their matter is because, by doing so, they would be annoyed to find themselves at one. They would look each other in the face, chagrined that Moses or Plato had reached their goal three thousand years ahead of them. They lack, in other words, the courage of authority.

Platitude, the grasp of Platitude, that is the first stir of spiritual responsibility—and alas! the first symptom of lunacy. For what befalls the instructed soul in a world of plausibilities? Martyrdom for self's sake—nothing more apparently noble. Truth needs no protectors—truth spurns her protectors. And the seeker of truth, with his whole portfolio of spiritual discoveries, can do no more than liberate himself. He has no society in either world: and this double exile, before gods and men, is the most unpardonable kind of selfishness. For, properly speaking, the universe permits nothing between the angel and the shopkeeper. And the poor soul who has a partial glimpse

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of both felicities stands, blindfolded like Justice and laden with a pair of scales, truth in one, falsehood in the other, and heavy scales they are.

Can he withdraw, wrapping himself in his mantle, and exist in a luminous calm? The wisest of men have perhaps done this—in the midst of life they have been as if they were not. For certain it is that if angels have ever existed in the world they have not been marked and remembered.

But the poor soul who is still, after all, alive, still merely human—what about him, the universal scapegoat? Cry out he must. But the shopkeeper has dragged his mother-tongue through the mud, and the language of angels is only a remote sphere-music which has no currency this side of death. . . . Still alive—only *instructed:* that is the sordid tragedy. Instructed just far enough to see that he is only imperfectly himself, that in order to become himself he must somehow get something into the scales to make the truth go down, so suddenly as to bump falsehood out of them altogether.

Internally he is a very sensational man. For having been led by the hand into the very middle of Platitude, he has unexpectedly opened his eyes, and the dreadful glare has been almost too much for him. Now if only he had *not* been intrusted with the scales, he could so easily rush out into the street and join the Salvation Army. The terrible eternities! the foolish little world-atom dancing minuets in the midst of them! If only he *could* shout, *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God!* But the scales are so heavy and he must remain such a patient, such a reserved lunatic. It is not so easy, after all, to have only one foot on something solid, and to play the tight-rope-walker with space itself underneath one—and all for the sake of Platitude.

The scapegoat, *par excellence*—not more so in any respect than his lack of intelligible words: no pure speech at all, but a mixture of two vocabularies, from either world, utterly wanting in logic, tact, persuasiveness. And with only one thing certain, that if he is *not* mad, the rest of the world certainly must be. Truth he knows and falsehood he knows, but plausibility is over his head. And in this world plausibility wins applause—that is no pun, but good etymology. The world has such a singular

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way of toning things down, of relieving every Platitude of its most interesting lunacy. . . . How then can *he* speak, or move, or even breathe? So it is in dreams when some vague, horrible shape moves toward us and our muscles grow rigid and we know that we cannot escape—and if we could whither should we fly?

Who is to fill that unusually empty stomach which hungers and thirsts after righteousness? Who can certainly affirm even that " vanity " or " disobedience " or " hardness of heart " have any aptness for the world, to most of us so mild? Mild enough the world is—and perhaps for that very reason so unjust. Perhaps each of us builds up a little order in one corner of the world only to scatter ruin in all the other corners. And perhaps that is because our ego is not, by a tenth, robust enough—not robust enough to be *disinterested.*

Poor, furtive, cowering, rebuffed, ignoble Platitude! Whenever you lift your head you are smitten flat by common sense. Look! there comes another towering prudential objection. Unhappy Platitude, however have you contrived to exist for so many centuries in such a cold-shouldered world?

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MY NOVEMBER GUEST

ROBERT FROST

MY Sorrow, when she's here with me,
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain
Are beautiful as days can be:
She loves both bare and withered tree;
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

Her pleasure will not let me stay.
She talks and I am fain to list:
She's glad the birds have gone away;
She's glad her simple worsted gray
Is silvered now with clinging mist.

The fallen, bird-forsaken breeze,
The faded earth, the heavy sky,
The beauties she so truly sees,
She thinks I have no eye for these,
And vexes me for reason why.

Not yesterday I learned to know
The love of bare November days
Before the coming of the snow;
But it were vain to tell her so,
And they are better for her praise.

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THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

T. Everett Harré

PRELUDE

Long ages ago, darkness brooded over the frozen world and held in its thrall the unreleased waters of the glacial seas. There was no animal life upon the land, and in the depth of the waters no living thing stirred. Kokoyah, the water god, breathed not; Tornahhuchsuah, the earth spirit, who rules above the spirits of the wind and air, was veiled in dark melancholy. Men had risen like willows from the frozen earth; but, although they lived, they were as the dead. They spake not, neither did they hunt, nor eat, nor die. Then the Great Spirit, whose name is not known, placed upon earth a man, in his arms the strength to kill, in his heart the spark of animal passion. And in that flowerless arctic Eden, out of its bounteous compassion, the Great Spirit placed also a maiden, her face beautiful with the virgin youth of the world, in her bosom implanted a yearning, not unmixed with fear, for love. Gazing upon her, the youth's heart stirred with desire, the maiden's with virginal terror. The maiden fled, the youth followed. Over the desolate icy mountains the fleet foot of the youth sped with the swiftness of the wind gods, over the silent white seas the maiden with the elusiveness of the air spirits. In the heart of the youth throbbed the passion of love, indomitable, eternal, which the blasting breath of time should never kill. In the maiden's bosom quaked a reasonless shame, an unconquerable terror. Surrounded by her whirling cloud of hair, the maiden sprang, untiring, across the wild white world. His strength failing, the youth pantingly followed. Thousands of years passed; the breathless pursuit continued; the maiden's nebulous hair became shot with streaks of golden fire, from her eyes beams of light streamed across the world over which she exultantly, fearfully bounded; the tremulous faltering youth's face paled until it shone silvery in the darkness, and the beads of perspiration on his forehead glowed with a strange lustre. Reaching, in their mad race, the very end of the world, the maiden leaped, fiery, into space, and her hair becoming suddenly molten, she became the sun—the eternal maiden Sukh-eh-nukh, the beautiful, the all-desired. Utterly exhausted, his wan arms yearningly outstretched, the youth swooned after her into the heavens, and was transformed into the moon—the melancholy, ever-desiring, and ever-sorrowing moon. In the smile of Sukh-eh-nukh the seas melted. Walrus and narwhals, seals and whales came into being on the bosom of Kokoyah; on the earth the snows disappeared, and the brow of Tornahhuchsuah was crowned with green grasses and starry flowers. Men hunted game, women laughed for joy; they beat drums, they danced, they sang. By the eternal, unrequited passion of the lovers in the skies, happiness and plenty came upon the earth. But, with Light, came also Death. Jealous of men's happiness, Perdlugssuak, the Great Evil, brought sickness; he struck men on the hunt, on the seas, in the mountains. He was ever feared. He made the Great Dark terrible. But when the night became bright with the melancholy silver of the moon,

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Perdlugssuak was for the time forgotten; in their hearts men felt a vague, tender, and ineffable stirring—the lure of a passion stronger and stranger even than death. They gazed upon the moon with instinctive, undefined pity. So, as the years passed, and ages melted and remade the snows, the long day was golden with the Beauty that is ever desired, the Ideal never attained; the night was softly silver with the melancholy and eternal hope of the deathless love that eternally desires, eternally pursues, and is eternally denied.—[Thus runs the Eskimo legend]

I

"Her cheeks were flushed delicately with the soft pink of the lichen flowers that bloom in the rare days of early summer. Her eyes played with a light as elusive, as quick as the golden radiance on the seas."

GREAT excitement prevailed among the members of the tribe. Along a mottled green-and-brown stretch of shore, which rolled undulatingly toward the icy fringe of the polar sea, more than twoscore hunters were engaged in unusual activity. Some were lacing tight over the framework the taut skin of their kayaks. Others sharpened harpoon points with bits of flint. Tateraq busily cut long lashings from tanned walrus hides. Maisanguaq deftly took these and pieced them together into long lines, which were rolled in coils lasso-fashion. Arnaluk and a half dozen others sat on their haunches, between their knees great balls made of the entire hides of seals. With cheeks extended, they blew into these with gusto. Filled with air, the hides became floats, which were attached to the leather lasso lines. The lines in turn were fastened by Attalaq and Papik to harpoons, which were to be driven into the walrus, the natives' chief prey of the arctic sea.

A babel of conversation swayed to and fro among this northernmost fringe of the human race. Now and then it was drowned in the raucous, deafening shriek of auks which swarmed from nearby cliffs and soared in clouds over the shore.

"Aveq soah! Walrus! Walrus!" shouted Papik, tossing up his arms and dancing, his brown face twisting with grotesque grimaces of joy.

"Aveq soah! Aveq soah!" He leaped in frenzy. He seized his harpoon in mimicry of striking, and darted it up and down in the air. "Walrus! Walrus!" he cried, and his feverish contagion spread through the crowd.

"Aveq tedicksoah! A great many walrus," echoed Arnaluk. *"Aveq tedicksoah!* Walrus too many to count!"

They stopped their work and gathered in a group, Papik before them, his arms pointing toward the sea. His eyes glistened.

To the south, Im-nag-i-na, the entrance to the polar sea, was hidden by grayish mists which, as they shifted across the sun, palpitated with running streaks of gold. From the veiled distance the sound of a glacier exploding pealed over the waters like the muffled roar of artillery. The sun, magnified into a great swimming disc by the rising vapors, poured a rich and colorful light over the sea—it was a light without warmth. In the turquoise sky overhead, the moving clouds changed in hue from crimson to silver, and straggling flecks, like diaphanous ribbons, became stained with mottled dyes. Against the horizon, the arctic armada of eternally

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moving icebergs drifted slowly southward and like the spectral ships of the long dead Norsemen who had braved these regions, flaunted the semblance of silver-gleaming sails. The sea rose in great green emerald swells, the wave crests broke in seething silver foam, and in the troughs of descending waters glittered cascades of celestial jewels. It was late summer —the hour, midnight.

The keen eyes of the natives searched the seas.

To the south of where the watchers were gathered, the glacial heels of the inland mountains step precipitously into the sea and rise to a height of several thousand feet. At the base of these iron rocks, corroded with the rust of interminable ages, the fragments of great floes, like catapults, are tossed by the inrushing sea. Above, in summertime, rises and falls constantly a black mist resembling shifting cloud smoke. Millions of auks swarm from their moss-ensconced grottoes; an oppressive clamor beats the air. Along the ocean, where crevices of the descending iron-chiselled cliffs are green with ribbons of pale green grass, downy-winged ducks purr, mating guillemots coo incessantly, and tremulous oogzooks chirrup joyously to their young.

As the natives listened, a deep nasal bellowing from the far ocean trembled in the air.

Not a man stirred. The sound vibrated into silence. The auks screamed. Hawks shrilled. From the far interior valleys came the echoed wolf-howling of Eskimo dogs. There the mountain tops, perpetually covered with ice and snow, gleamed through the clouds with running colors of amaranth, green and mottled gold. The air swam with frigid fire. As the tribe stood in silence along the shore, a roar as of gatling guns pealed from the mist-hidden heights. After a taut moment of silence, a frightful scream rose from every living thing on land and sea. Yet the group of men only bent their heads. Then, like an undertone in the chorus of animate life, their quick ears detected the long-drawn, hoarse call of walrus bulls. The howls of the dogs from the distant mountain passes came nearer. More distant receded the stertorous nasal bellow on the sea.

The natives feverishly leaped to their tasks. There was a note of anxiety in their voices. Onto the fore part of the kayaks they placed their weapons, leather lines, floats and drags. More than twoscore boats were drawn over the land-adhering ice to the edge of the sea. A fierce chatter brought all the women to the doors of their seal-skin tents. They looked seaward and shook their heads with dismay.

"Many walrus—far away," the men shouted.

"No, no," the timid women returned. "Walrus too far away—*Perdlugssuak* will strike you there!"

Against the distant horizon mighty bergs loomed. In swift eddies of water great floes swirled. The walrus were too far away to be seen. Yet the opportunity of securing walrus was too rare to be missed; for unless food and fuel were soon secured, starvation during the coming winter confronted the tribe. The previous winter had been one of unprecedented severity and had wiped out bears, and herds of caribou and musk oxen. The summer season, which was now drawing to a close, had been destitute of every kind of game. Musk oxen had been seldom found and then only in the far inland valleys. Some blight of nature seemed to have exterminated even the animals of the sea. The natives had lived mainly on the teeming bird life. From the scrawny bodies of the arctic birds, however, neither food that could be preserved nor fuel to be burned in the lamps could be secured.

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On musk oxen the tribes depend chiefly for hides and meat, and on walrus for both food and fuel. The ammunition, brought by Danish traders the summer before, was exhausted, so in the hunt they had for many sleeps to rely solely upon their skill with their own primitive weapons. For months the doughty hunters had gathered but few supplies. The prospect of the coming winter was ominous indeed. Wandering up and down the coast in their migrating excursions the tribes had scoured land and sea with but meagre results. At the village from which they now heard the inspiring walrus calls, a dozen visiting tribesmen—most of them in search for wives as well as game—had gathered. Joy filled them in the prospect of securing supplies—and possible success in love—at last.

As they launched their kayaks, in impatient haste lest the walrus drift too far seaward, some one called:

"Ootah! Ootah!"

They gazed anxiously about. Ootah, the bravest and most distinguished of the hunters, was missing. All the young men would gladly have started without Ootah, but the elders, who knew his skill and the might of his arm, were not willing.

To the younger men there was an added zest in the hunt; each felt in the other a rival, and Ootah the one most to be feared. A feverish anxiety, a burning desire to distinguish himself flushed the heart of each brave hunter. For whoever brought back the most game, so they believed, stood the best chance of winning the hand of Annadoah. Of all the unmarried maidens of the tribes, none cooked so well, none could sew so well as Annadoah, none was so skilled in the art of making *ahttees* and *kamiks* as Annadoah. And, moreover, Annadoah was very fair.

"Ootah! *aveq soah!* Hasten thou! The walrus are drifting to sea."

Attalaq rushed up to the village and paused at the tent of Annadoah.

"Ootah!" he called.

A voice from within replied.

"We start—the wind drifts—the walrus are carried to sea."

"I come!" replied Ootah.

The flap of the tent opened. The sunlight poured upon the face of the young hunter. He smiled radiantly, with the self-assertion of youth, the joy of life.

Ootah was graced with an unwonted beauty. He was slight and agile of limb, his body was supple and lithe, his face was immobile, beardless, and with curving lips vividly red, a nose, small, with nostrils dilating sensitively, and eyebrows heavily lashed, possessed something of the softness of a woman. His glistening black hair, bound about his forehead by a narrow fillet of skins, fell riotously over his shoulders. His eyes were large and dark and swam with an ardent light.

He turned.

"Thou wilt not place thy face to mine, Annadoah? Yet I love thee, Annadoah. My heart melts as streams in springtime, Annadoah. My arms grow strong as the wind, and my hand swift as an arrow for love of thee, Annadoah. The joy the sight of thee gives me is greater than that of food after starving in the long winter! Yea, thou wilt be mine? Surely, for my heart bursts for love of thee, Annadoah."

He leaned back, stretching his arms, but Annadoah shyly drew further inside her shelter.

With a sigh he flung his leather line over his shoulder, seized his harpoons, and stepped from the tent. His step was resilient and buoyant, his

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slim body moved with the grace of an arctic deer. He looked back as he reached the icy shore. Annadoah stood at the door of her tent. Her parting laughter rang after him with the sweetness of buntings singing in spring.

Ootah's heart leaped within him. Annadoah possessed a beauty rare among her people. From her father, one of the brave white men who had died with the Greely years before at Cape Sabine, Annadoah had inherited a delicacy and beauty, indeed, more common with the unknown peoples of the south. Her face was fresh and smooth, and of a pale golden hue. Her cheeks were flushed delicately with the soft pink of the lichen flowers that bloom in the rare days of early summer. Her eyes played with a light as elusive, as quick as the golden radiance on the seas. Her dark silken hair straggled luxuriantly from under the loose hood of immaculate white fox fur which had fallen back from her head. The soft skin of blue foxes and of young birds clothed her. From her sleeves her hands peeped; they were small, dainty, childlike. Almost childlike, too, was her face, so fresh, so lovely, so petite. There were mingled in her the coyness of a child and the irresistible coquetry of a woman.

She waved her hands joyously to the hunters leaving the shore. They called back to her. Some of the women frowned. One shook her fist at Annadoah.

Papik, lingering behind, approached Annadoah timidly.

"Thou art beautiful, Annadoah; thou canst sew with great skill. With the needles the white men brought thee, thou hast made garments such as no other maiden. Papik would wed thee, Annadoah."

"Thou art a good lad, Papik," Annadoah replied, laughing gaily. "But thy fingers are very long—and long, indeed, thy nose!"

Papik flushed, for to him this was a tragedy.

"But with my fingers I speed the arrow with skill," he replied.

"True, but the fate of him who shoots with a skill such as thine is unfortunate indeed; for soon the day will come when thou wilt not speed the arrow, when thy hands will be robbed of their cunning. When *ookiah* (winter) comes with his lashes of frost he will smite thy fingers—they will fall off. Then how wilt thou get food for thy wife? *Ookiah* will twist thy nose, and it will freeze. Poor Papik!"

Annadoah laid her hand gently on his arm, and a brief sorrow clouded her smiles.

Papik bowed his head. He understood the blight nature had set upon him and it made his heart cold. Truly his fingers were long and his nose was long—and either was a misfortune to a tribesman. He knew, as all the natives knew, that sooner or later during a long winter his fingers would inevitably freeze; then he would lose his skill with weapons; consequently he would not be able to provide for a wife. His nose, too, in all probability would freeze; then he would be disfigured and the trials of life would be more complicated.

From the inherited experience of ages the natives know that a hunter with short hands and feet is most likely to live long; a man's length of life can be pretty accurately gauged by the stubbiness of his nose. The degree of radiation of the human body is such that it can prevent freezing in this northern region only when the extremities are short; thus a man with long feet is almost for a certainty doomed to lose his toes, and the most fortunate is he whose feet and hands are short, whose nose is stubby and whose ears are small. The exigencies of life place an economic value on the struc-

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ture of a hunter's body, and the little Eskimo women—endowed with a crude social conscience which demands that a father shall live and remain efficient so as to care for his own children—are loath to marry one afflicted such as Papik.

"But I care for thee, Annadoah," Papik protested.

"And well do I know thou art a brave lad, but seek thou another maiden; thou dost not touch my heart, Papik, and thy fingers are very, very long."

With native spontaneity, Papik laughed and turned shoreward. As he passed the assembled maidens he paused momentarily and greeted them. He made a brief proposal of marriage to Ahningnetty, a fat maiden, and was met with laughter.

"Go on, Long Fingers," one called. "How wilt thou strike the bear when thy fingers are gone?"

The maiden who spoke was extremely thin.

"Ha, ha!" Papik returned. "How wilt thou warm thy husband when the winter comes? How wilt thou warm the little baby when thou art like the bear after a famished winter, thou maid of skin and bones!"

"Long-nose! Long-nose! may thy nose freeze!" she called.

The other maidens laughed and gibed at her. In anger she fled into her *tupik,* or tent. Being very thin she, too, like Papik, suffered from the bar sinister of nature. For, in selecting a wife, a native comes down to the practical consideration of choosing a wife who will likely grow fat, so that, during the long cold winters, her body will be a sort of human radiator to keep the husband and children warm. Love, in this region, is largely influenced by an instinctive knowledge of natural economics.

As he launched his kayak, Ootah turned toward Annadoah.

"Thou art the sun, Annadoah!" he called.

"And thou the moon, Ootah," she replied. "I shall await thee, Ootah! Bring thou back fat and blubber, Ootah, to warm thy fires, Ootah." And she laughed gaily. Then she turned her back to Ootah, bent her head coyly and did not turn around again. To Ootah this was a good augury—for when a maiden turns her back upon a suitor she thinks favorably of him. This is the custom.

Ootah felt a new strength in his veins. He felt himself master of all the prey in the sea.

At the entrance of the tent of Sipsu, the *angakoq,* or native magician, stood Maisanguaq, one of the rivals for the hand of Annadoah. His face twisted with jealous rage as he heard Annadoah calling to the speeding Ootah. His narrow eyes glittered vindictively. Turning on his heel he entered Sipsu's dwelling place.

Sipsu sat on the floor near his oil lamp. When Maisanguaq entered he did not stir. He was as still, as grotesque, as evil-looking as the tortured idols of the Chinese; like theirs his eyes were beadlike, expressionless, dull; such are the eyes of dead seal. His face was brown and cracked like old leather, and was covered with a crust of dirt; his gray-streaked hair was matted and straggled over his face; it teemed with lice. He held his knotty hands motionless over the flame of his lamp. His nails were long and curled like sharp talons. As Maisanguaq saw him he could not repress a shudder.

Sipsu was feared, and as correspondingly hated, by the tribe. They brought to him, it is true, offerings of musk ox meat and walrus blubber when members fell ill. But that was the urge of necessity. Of late years

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Sipsu's conjurations for recovery had resulted in few cures; his heart was not in them; but with greater vehemence did he enter upon séances of malediction. With almost unerring exactness he prophesied many deaths. For this the tribe did not love him. Nor did Sipsu love the tribe; especially did he hate the youthful, and those who courted and were newly wed. When Maisanguaq touched his shoulder, he turned with a growl.

"Canst thou invoke the curse of death upon one who goes hunting upon the seas?"

Through the rheum of years Sipsu's eyes gleamed.

The aged, gnarled thing found voice. It was hollow and thin.

"Ha, thou art Maisanguaq," his toothless jaws chattered. "Thou bearest no one good will. Seldom dost thou smile. For this I like thee."

He laughed harshly. Maisanguaq impatiently repeated his question.

"Can Sipsu invoke the great curse? Ha, what dost thou mean? Art thou a fool? Have not many died upon the word of Sipsu, Sipsu whose spirits never desert him! Harken! Did not Sipsu go unto the mountains in his youth? Did he not hear the hill spirits speaking? Did he not carry food to them, and wood and arrow points for weapons? And in *ookiah* (winter) did they not strike? Did they not kill one Otaq, who hated Sipsu? Did Sipsu not go unto the lower land of the dead—did he not speak to those who freeze in the dark? Yea, did Sipsu not learn how the world is kept up, and the souls of nature are bound together? And hath he not the power to separate them, yea, as a man from his shadow?"

"Thou evil-tongued wretch, well does Maisanguaq believe thee! Here—I promise thee meat. I follow Ootah upon the chase. There are walrus on the sea. Invoke the curse of destruction upon Ootah—and I will give thee meat for the long winter."

"Ootah—Ootah—yah—hah! Ootah!" Sipsu snapped the name viciously. "With joy shall I bring the great evil unto Ootah. For hath he not despised my art, hath he not scoffed at my spirits! But thou—what reason hast thou to desire his death?"

"Ootah finds favor with Annadoah," said Maisanguaq briefly. "I would she never make his *kamiks* (boots)."

"Yea, and she shall not! She shall not!" the old man shrieked in a sudden access of rage. "So saith Sipsu, whose spirits never fail."

Lying on the floor Sipsu closed his eyes and, moving his head up and down, called repeatedly:

"*Quilaka Nauk! Quilaka Nauk!* Where are my spirits? Where are my spirits?"

Presently he rose, and swaying his body crooned:

"*Tassa quilivagit! Tassa quilivagit!* My spirits are here—they are here! *Tassa quilivagit!*"

Grasping a drum made of animal tissue strung over a rib-bone he began to dance. He beat a slow, uneasy measure on the drum. His face grinned hideously. His voice at times rose to a harsh shriek, then suddenly it trailed away until it seemed like the voice of one speaking very far off. In a curious sort of intermittent crooning and shrieking ventriloquism he called down curses upon Ootah. His dance increased; he beat the drum frenziedly. His legs twisted under him, he described short running circles and jumped up and down in periods of hysteria. His scraggy arms, with their tattered clothes, writhed in the air as he beat the drum above him. His head began to nod from side to side; his eyes glowed like coals; his tongue hung from his mouth; foam gathered at his lips.

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"Ootah! Ootah! May his *kaneg* (head) swell with the great fire! May he see horrors that do not exist—what the wicked dead dream in their frigid hell! May the wrath of the spirits descend upon him! May the wrath of the spirits descend upon him!"

Sipsu uttered short howls. Maisanguaq joined in the incantation, and re-echoed the blighting curses.

"May he suffer from *kangerdlugpoq* (terrible body pains). May they end not! May he lie awake forever! May he never sleep! May his teeth chatter during the great dark!"

Sipsu groaned. He worked himself into an ecstasy of torture. His form became a black whirling figure in the dim tent.

"May Ootah's eyes close, may the lids swell; may they burn with fire."

"May he never see the light of day—may he never aim the arrow—may his harpoons strike forever in the darkness!"

Maisanguaq replied rancorously. "May the wrath of the spirits descend upon him!"

"May Ootah's tongue fasten to his mouth—may it be as the tongues of dead *ahmingmah* (musk oxen)," chanted Sipsu.

"May he never speak—may Annadoah never hear his voice," chorussed Maisanguaq.

"May Ootah lose his *pungo* (dogs); may they all die!"

Maisanguaq, caught by the evil contagion, began to sway his body in rhythm to the weird dance.

"May Ootah become a cripple! May he break his bones! May he lie helpless for years! May his shadow leave him! May he suffer with the greatest of all pains!"

As he uttered this terrible curse, desiring that Ootah's shadow, wherein exists the soul, might depart from his still-living body, and thus cause the most excruciating bodily anguish, Sipsu sank exhausted to the ground. He writhed in a paroxysm.

"May Ootah die slowly; may his legs die, may his hands die—yea, may the spirits of his body be severed from one another as ice fields in the breaking; may the spirit of his hands, the spirit of his feet, the spirit of his lungs, the spirit of his head, the spirit of his heart wander apart—may they be torn asunder as the clouds in a storm! May they wander apart forever seeking and may they never find themselves! May Ootah suffer as never suffered the unhappy dead!"

And Maisanguaq's deep voice growled hatefully:

"May Ootah's body lie unburied! May he rot upon the earth! May the ravens peck out his eyes! May a murderer drink his blood! May the wolves eat his heart! May the spirit of the fog grow fat upon his entrails! And may the spirits of his body scatter—as the clouds in the wild *anore* (winds) scatter! May his soul forever seek to find its kindred spirits unavailingly and suffer in *Sila* (throughout the universe) forever!"

From under a pile of skins Sipsu, his chant subsiding, brought forth a bundle of old bones; there were the bones of musk oxen, seals, walrus and smaller animals.

"Yah-hah-hah! I shall create a *tupilak!*" he crooned vindictively. "I shall create a *tupilak!* And from the depths of the waters the *tupilak* shall see Ootah. Hah-hah-hah! I shall create a *tupilak,* and from the hands of Sipsu it shall carry destruction to Ootah on the sea. Yah-hah-hah!" He laughed crazily. Continuing his chant he constructed of the

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bones a crude likeness to an animal skeleton. Over this he sprinkled a handful of dried turf. Then, from beneath the cover of his bed he brought a stone pot and from it poured a sluggish red liquid over the strange object of his creation. This was a mixture of clotted animal blood and water kept for such purposes of conjuration. This done, he threw over the bones an aged sealskin. Then he rose to his feet, and in a low voice uttered the secret formulæ whereby, in the depths of the sea, the result of his labor should take the form of an artificial walrus.

Maisanguaq stood by silent, evil exultation shining in his eyes.

While Sipsu was moaning his spell over the pile of bones, Maisanguaq turned and left the tent. Out on the sea he saw the kayaks of his departing companions.

"Good luck, Maisanguaq, have courage in the chase! Remember Annadoah awaits you all!" Annadoah called blithely and coquettishly after him.

Maisanguaq's lips tightened, his heart leaped, but well he knew that he meant nothing to the maiden, well he knew what little chance he had, and envy filled him, and bitter doubt, for he knew Ootah's prowess, his strength of limb, and braveness of heart. However, he put out with quick powerful strokes, and with a sense of anticipated triumph, for he was confident that the magician by his necromancy had created in the depths of the sea a *tupilak,* or artificial walrus, which should attack Ootah. He knew it might upset Ootah's kayak and cause him to be drowned. The probabilities were, however, that it would permit itself to be harpooned, in which case its blighting curse would fall upon Ootah, who would lose all power and strength of limb, whose body would become bent and crippled and racked with the *kangerdlugpoq,* and who would die slowly, inch by inch. Thus, Ootah would be helpless the rest of his days and as he died all the dreadful horrors of the curses would come upon him.

As the midnight sun dipped below the horizon, the sea became more deeply golden. To the women watching along the shore, the multitude of kayaks became mere black specks. They disappeared now and then behind the crests of leaping waves, and reappearing moved with the swiftness of birds along the horizon.

At the door of her tent Annadoah stood, one hand shading her eyes as they pierced the radiant distance. From the mountain passes behind the village echoed the joyous howls of approaching dogs. Something stirred in the heart of Annadoah—something fluttered there like the wings of a frightened bird.

Ootah's paddle touched the water with the softness of a feather, yet so quickly that the double blades emitted constant flashes of light intermittently on either side. His arms moved with consummate ease. His kayak made a dark blurred line as it sped forward over the yellow waters. Soon he had outdistanced the party. Then his speed slackened, he glanced behind.

The other kayaks darted after him like erratic bugs. The land was a mere curve on the horizon; all about him the sea rose and fell, and from the shimmering mirror of every wave the sunlight shot backwards in various directions. A thousand golden searchlights seemed playing over the sea. Now and then through the coppery mists an emerald green berg loomed titanically, and as it slowly bore down upon him, Ootah would gracefully manipulate one end of his paddle and shift his kayak about while

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the berg lurched toweringly onward. As he gained distance from the land the ocean swelled with increasing volume. His frail skin kayak was lifted high on the oily crests of waves, and as it descended with swift rushes, Ootah felt exultant thrills in his heart. Far away he heard a resounding explosion of ice bergs crushing. A low bellow arose from a floe immediately ahead. Ootah's blood leaped, the spirit of the hunter throbbed in his veins, his nostrils sensitively quivered. With a slow silent movement of the paddle, he prevented his kayak from going too great a distance forward in order to await the others. Judging by the sound of the muffled bellowing, he assumed that the great animals were sunning themselves on the southern ridge of the floe. His tactics were to paddle about to the north, land on the floe, and descend upon the walrus from the protection of the ridges of crushed ice which always abound on these rafts of the arctic sea. As he played with his oars, Ootah became conscious of disquieting things in the world about him.

In the heavens he saw low lying clouds moving slowly southward. Higher above, clouds moved more swiftly in another direction.

"The *quilanialeqisut* (air spirits) are not at rest," murmured Ootah. "O spirits of the air, what disturbs your ease?"

The clouds in the higher ether circled as if in an eddy of wind. Certainly the spirits were not at peace among themselves.

"Spirits of the air," spake Ootah, "waft your caresses to Annadoah's cheeks. Tell her Ootah waits to kill the walrus, that Ootah loves her and would make Annadoah his wife—*neuilacto* Annadoah; tell Annadoah Ootah presses his nose to hers and calls her *Mamacadosa* (of all things that which tastes the most delightful)."

A gust swept the clouds from the zenith. Still no breath of air touched the sea.

To the lee a group of small icebergs passed. They rocked and eddied, and from their glacial sides the light poured in changing colors.

"O spirit of the light, carry thy bright message to the eyes of Annadoah, tell her Ootah has loved her for many, many moons."

The bergs crashed into one another, and in the impact sank into the sea.

Ootah bit his lips. A vague misgiving was cold within his heart.

A flock of gulls passed low over the waters.

He called to them—that they should take his love to Annadoah. They were to tell Annadoah that he would soon return, laden with food and fuel for the winter. Their raucous cries mocked him. He demanded what they meant. "Ootah—Ootah," they seemed to call, "how foolish thou art, Ootah, how foolish art thou to love Annadoah. For fickle is Annadoah—fickle, fickle the heart of the maiden Annadoah!"

Ootah shrieked an enraged defiance. His eyes sought the horizon. *Kokoyah,* the sea god, was breathing deeply, and in the mists which rose like fire-shot smoke before the sun, singular forms took shape. Ootah saw the magnified shadows of great dogs. They seemed to be dashing along the horizon. Then, with crushing strides, behind the adumbration a great sled, a Titan figure gathered substance in the clouds. It moved with terrific speed; it dominated the sky. Its dress was not that of the northern tribes. Ootah felt a resentful stirring, as, looking upwards, in the clouds overhead, a white face, hard, fierce, scowling, with burning blue eyes, momentarily appeared.

"A white warrior from the south," Ootah murmured. "And he comes with swift tread. What can it mean?"

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In common with many primitive peoples, Ootah possessed the soul of a poet—nature was vocal with him, and the disembodied beings of other worlds made themselves manifest and spoke in the light and in the clouds. To him everything lived; the clouds were the habitation of spirits, the waves were alive, all the animals and fish possessed souls; the very winds were endowed with sex functions and loved and quarrelled among themselves. The interrelations of man and the forces of the universe were inseparably intimate and familiar; integral parts of one another, their destinies were bound together. And to Ootah nature found much to gossip about in the affairs of men.

Eagerly Ootah sought the clouds. Along the horizon they resolved themselves into a phantasmagoria of Eskimo maidens, and white men resembling the Danes who came each summer to gather riches of ivories and furs. And the Eskimo maidens and white men danced together. As these mirage-forms melted, Ootah glanced into the water by his side. Looking up from the ultramarine depths he saw something white. For an instant it assumed the likeness of the face of Annadoah. He saw her golden skin, her cheeks flushed with the pink of spring lichen blossoms, her lips red as the mountain poppies of late summer. He started back and called aloud: "Annadoah! Annadoah!" For she had smiled cruelly and disdainfully. Hoarse laughter answered him—the laughter of white men from the south. A flock of hawks passed over the water. He was about to shout when he heard the swift sounds of kayaks behind him. He recalled himself and beckoned silence.

II

"The thought of Annadoah in the embrace of the big blond man, of her face pressed to his in the white men's strange kiss of abomination, aroused in Ootah a sense of violation. . . . He heard Annadoah murmur tenderly, 'Thou art a great man, thou art strong; thy arms hurt me, thy hands make me ache.'"

Slowly, with silent paddles, the hunters moved over the limpid waters to the north of the floe. On the far side they saw a horde of walrus bulls dozing in the sunlight. Behind a ridge of ice they landed, drawing their kayaks after them. With skin lassoes, harpoons and floats, the party crouched low and crept toward the prey. Thus they would be mistaken for other walrus by the unsuspecting animals. Ootah was ahead. Softly they all muttered the magic formulæ to prevent themselves from being seen: *"Nunavdlo sermitdlo-akorngakut-tamarnuga!"* In the rear, his eyes evilly alight, Maisanguaq followed.

As they approached the herd they scattered. Along the edge of the floe lay about twenty monstrous animals, steam rising from their nostrils as they snorted in their slumber. There were a half dozen mother walrus with half-grown young about them. Now and then they sleepily opened their eyes and made low maternal noises.

Before the others realized what had happened, Ootah sprang toward a bull and delivered his harpoon. It rose in the air and roared deafeningly. Ootah struck a second time. The animal floundered in a pool of blood, whipping the floe furiously with its huge tail.

With a thunderous roar all the others leaped with one glide into the sea. The floe rocked, the water churned like a boiling cauldron. In a few minutes Ootah had despatched the beast. Standing erect, he gazed in de-

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fiance at the clouds, at the distant gulls. He forgot the omens, and laughed with joy.

Not a moment was to be lost, however. Springing into their kayaks, the Eskimos put to sea. Now the battle began in earnest. Attacking enraged walrus in these frail skin boats is probably the most dangerous form of hunting in the world. At any moment an infuriated animal is liable to rise from the sea immediately beneath a kayak and upturn it. At any instant a gleaming ivory tusk may pierce the boat.

Forming a semi-circle on the water about the swimming herd, the fearless hunters sat in their tossing boats, one arm upraised ready to strike, the other manipulating the paddle. Whenever a whiskered head rose above the water one of the hunters let a harpoon descend. After each attack they waited breathlessly.

Tateraq suddenly let his arm descend—his harpoon point struck home. He shouted with joy—for he, too, sought Annadoah. Roaring with rage the lanced sea-horse dived into the deep. The foaming water became red with blood, and a few snorting, bellowing heads appeared. All about glared enraged, fiery eyes. The animals plunged and tossed furiously in the water—the savor of blood maddened them. They began a series of attacks upon the kayaks.

Alive to their danger the men kept an alert watch. As they saw the water seething in a streak as an animal raged toward them, they would skilfully shift their positions. The animal would rush snortingly by.

With dexterous movements of the paddle, Ootah playfully moved his kayak among the herd, in one hand his harpoon ready to strike. A feverish desire to make the greatest kill possessed him. Each time a hunter made an attack he felt a pang of anxiety—tense rivalry spurred the young hunters.

In the midst of the battle Arnaluk struck a beast. Ootah summoned all his skill, and dashed in succession after a number of appearing heads—he forgot his danger. Before the others realized it, he had killed two. Maisanguaq's harpoon went wild. He jealously watched Ootah and struck without skill, carried away by chagrin and rage. Eré made valiant attacks, for he, too, thought of Annadoah, but the walrus invariably went skimming from under his blows. Papik's harpoon glanced the backs of half a dozen. Finally it landed. He shouted with glee. The inflated floats attached to the harpoon lines bobbed crazily on the surface of the ensanguined waters as the animals tossed in their death struggles below.

Two white tusks appeared near Ootah's kayak. His arm cut the air—his harpoon sped into the water—an enraged bellow followed. He withdrew the handle, free of its line-attached metal point—the point, with the sinew, descended into the water. It had struck home.

Suddenly a cry went up. One of the natives waved his arms frantically. A great monster had risen by his kayak and fastened one of its tusks in the skin covering the boat from gunwale to gunwale. To strike it with the harpoon meant that it would plunge and capsize the boat. Crazy with excitement, the native began hissing and spitting in the beast's face.

"Lift his head!" cried Ootah, paddling near. "Lift—*tugaq!*—lift his tusk!"

"Lift his head!" echoed the others.

"*Aureti! Aureti!* Behave! Behave!" the panic-stricken man ludicrously shrieked at the animal.

Ootah paddled his kayak to the side of his companion's and, leaning

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forward with a quick movement, threw a lasso over the animal's nose and under one tusk. With a terrific jerk of the body, he gave a backward pull —the walrus rose on the water, the kayak was freed of the tusk and slipped away. With a roar the animal sank into the sea. A number now rose angrily about Ootah's kayak—he harpooned right and left. They were bent upon a combined assault.

Ootah warded off the attacking bulls on all sides with his harpoon. The air trembled with infuriated calls, the animals were insane with brute rage. The other natives, alarmed, paddled to a safe distance and watched the unequal conflict. While Ootah manipulated his harpoons, Maisanguaq, in the shelter of the floe, watched him with eager eyes.

He saw Ootah, with almost superhuman dexterity, striking constantly. Repeatedly he had to renew the metal points on his weapon-handle. One by one the animals gave up the attack and dispersed, until only an obdurate bull remained. The battle between man and beast continued. Finally Ootah let the harpoon fly with full strength. It struck the animal near the heart. Ootah uncoiled the free line attached to the harpoon point quickly—and the walrus, weighing three thousand pounds, plunged with the impetus of a bulk of iron into the sea. Then a strange thing happened.

The pan-shaped drag, attached to the long line securing the harpoon which Ootah had driven into the animal, became entangled in the lashings on the forepart of Ootah's kayak. Leaning forward, Ootah tried to disentangle it. He feared that the beast, in its struggle, might drag all his weapons and paraphernalia into the sea. He felt it tugging at the line which he held securely while he unknotted the tangle. While he was doing this Maisanguaq saw the beast rise to the surface of the water not far from Ootah and describe a quick circle about his kayak. Before he realized it, the leather line had wrapped itself about under Ootah's chest. It took but a minute for the animal to circle the boat—then it plunged.

Maisanguaq saw Ootah struggle to release himself; then he saw the kayak tilt as the hunter was drawn, by the mighty impetus of the plunging sea-horse, into the water. He heard Ootah's cry—saw the blood red waters seethe. Then the kayak righted itself—it was empty.

A murmur of dismay rose from the others. "The *tupilak!* the *tupilak!*" Maisanguaq exultantly murmured, his eyes alight. "Happy *angakoq!* Thou shalt have much of Ootah's meat!"

Over the spot where Ootah sank the sun flamed. The water seethed with the threshing of the animals beneath the sea. Ootah's float finally rose. The natives watched breathlessly for the reappearance of Ootah. The float bobbed up and down as the animal's death struggles beneath the water subsided.

Maisanguaq, looking at the floats which marked the dead animals, called out:

"Ootah hath won Annadoah—hah-hah-hah! Hah! Ootah hath won Annadoah only to lose her! We shall take Ootah's catch to Annadoah, but Ootah sleeps. Ootah hath gone to taste the water in the country of the dead! Hah-hah!"

At that moment Maisanguaq nearly fell from his kayak.

"Methinks thou wilt perhaps join the fishes first, friend Maisanguaq," a familiar voice laughed joyously behind him.

Maisanguaq's face became livid with dismay. Had the *angakoq* failed? And why?

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Turning, he saw Ootah, not far away, clambering from the water onto the floe. He was unscathed by the mishap—the water even had not penetrated his skin garments. A joyous cry arose from the hunters as they saw him running to and fro, working his arms to get up circulation. Noting Maisanguaq's scowling face, Ootah twitted him:

"Laugh, friend Maisanguaq," he said, "for winter comes and then thy teeth will chatter." Maisanguaq scowled deeply—Ootah's blithesome remarks filled him with rancor.

"Peace, Maisanguaq. Methinks thou, too, lovest Annadoah," continued Ootah kindly. "Therefor, I bear thee no spite! For who cannot love Annadoah? *Ka—ka!* Come—come!" Shaking the water from him, he bade the others tow his kayak to the floe.

Ootah entered his kayak. The struggles of the walrus had subsided, and only two skin floats bobbed feebly on top of the waves. The hunters now strung series of kayaks together with strong leather ropes, three skin boats being attached in a catamaran. Taking up the leather floats one by one, to the rear kayak of each series the hunters fastened the harpoon lines which secured the prey. Thus the animals were towed slowly ashore.

Altogether eight walrus had been secured; four of these had fallen to the skill of Ootah. Ootah sang for joy. Again he had achieved distinction on the hunt, and so, with all the better chances of success, he believed he might pursue his suit for the hand of Annadoah. With powerful, steady strokes of their oars the hunters, in their processions of kayaks, towed the walrus through the sea shoreward. They joined unrestrainedly in Ootah's hunting chant. Only Maisanguaq was silent.

Now and then, unable to restrain his genuine joy, Ootah sang his love to the clouds, the waves, the winds.

"O winds, O happy winds, speed my message to Annadoah!" he called. "Tell her that I return with the food of the sea! O spirits of the air, breathe to her that Ootah's heart hungers for her as starving *ahmingmah* desire green grass in winter time. O happy, happy waters, I return to Annadoah with food and fuel for winter—say Ootah *neuilacto*—would wed—Annadoah. Tell her Ootah calls her *Mamacadosa!*"

The others, although disappointed in being outwon, in spontaneous recognition of his superior feat, chimed a chorus of congratulations. Suddenly Maisanguaq gleefully pointed a significant finger to the sky.

"*Pst!*" he said.

A black guillemot, an omen of evil, passed over Ootah's head.

By all the immemorial customs of their people, because of the established preëminence of his prowess, Ootah should now find favor in the eyes of Annadoah. Scarce seventeen summers had passed over Annadoah's head and of wooers she had a score. The young hunters, not only of her own tribe, but of others far south sought her hand. The fame of her beauty and skill had travelled far. None, it was said, equalled her dexterity in plaiting sinew thread; none cut and sewed garments as this maid with tender child's hands. She made weapons, she brewed marvellous broths. Since the death of her parents she had served the tribe with her skill. Yet, as the summers passed, she remained carefree and to all her suitors shook her head. "Become a great chief," she would say. "Win in the games, bring back the musk oxen, then perhaps Annadoah will listen." Each summer the young men pursued the hunt with the hope of becoming chief hunter among the tribesmen. But for three summers Ootah had won sig-

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nally above them all. To the remote regions of their world the name of Ootah was whispered with awe. Ootah carried off honors in the muscle-tapping and finger-pulling matches; he outdistanced all rivals in kayak races on the sea; he left everyone behind on perilous sled journeys to the inland mountains. Of every living animal on land and sea he had killed, and in quantity of game he excelled them all. Only of late had Annadoah listened with some degree of favor to his pleadings. In the days of want he brought blubber to her for fuel, and provided her with meat. And she was grateful. Perhaps her heart stirred, but she feared the quiet passion of Ootah, and by a perverse feminine instinct she resented a tenderness so gentle that it seemed almost womanly. Now that winter was approaching and when food was scarce, it was inevitable that Annadoah should wed. And now that Ootah in the quest of the walrus had killed the greatest number, none doubted that he should be chosen.

As the kayaks approached the village an unexpected sight greeted the eyes of the hunters.

Along the shore, the women of the tribe and strange men were dancing.

Before the village tents they were gathered in groups. While the elder women of the tribe beat a savage dance on membrane drums, the chubby-bodied maidens, dressed in fur trousers, swayed in the arms of the foreigners.

As the boats approached the shore, the natives recognized the visitors. They were one of a half dozen parties of Danish traders who came north yearly from Uppernavik to gather the results of the season's hunt. Their visit meant an untold distribution of wealth among the tribe, for they brought needles, knives, axes, guns, ammunition, and in return secured a fortune in furs and ivory tusks. They also doled out tea, biscuits, matches, tobacco, thread, and gaudy handkerchiefs beloved by the women. Their coming had not been expected this season because of the dearth of game.

The men in the boats shouted to one another joyously. Only Ootah felt a heavy sinking at his heart. He saw the big blonde-bearded men chucking the little women under their chins. Their method of kissing was strange and repugnant to him. Accustomed only to the chaste touching of a maiden's face, the kiss of the white men he instinctively regarded as unnamably unclean. He resented their freedom with the women. But, children of the heart and brain, primitive, innocent, the women did not understand the white men's strange behavior. And the husbands, not comprehending, did not care. A gun, ammunition, a few boxes of matches —these constituted wealth in value exceeding a wife.

Now and then Ootah saw some of the visitors raising flasks to their lips. Then their hilarity rang out more boisterously.

When they saw the boats approaching the shore the strangers shouted. The hunters replied. Only Ootah remained silent. Disapproving of the spectacle, his thoughts were busier elsewhere; his heart glowed.

"Ho, ho, what there?" some called.

"*Aveq soah,*" Maisanguaq replied.

"Jolly for you!" shouted a Newfoundland sailor, whom Ootah recognized as having been in the region with some sportsmen from far away America several years before.

As they danced the visitors broke into the fragments of a wild sailor's chorus.

When they had finished, the Newfoundlander, a tall, tough, red-faced whaler, drank again from his flask and strode to the shore.

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"Come on up—bring 'er in—that's right."

Ootah and his companions landed. Tugging at the leather lines they drew the walrus one by one from the water to the ice. In these monstrous palpitating black bodies were tons of food and fuel. Without wasting time, they fell to their task and dressed the animals. Meanwhile sleds were brought from the tents and the masses of steaming meat and blubber were loaded. While the natives were thus busily engaged, the half-drunken Newfoundlander strode about uttering great oaths. The strangers' dogs, attracted by the meat, with shrill howling descended to the ice and surrounded the sled-loads of blubber. Ootah seized an oar and beat them away.

"What the —— d'ye mean?" the Newfoundlander demanded. "You beat our dogs? Eh? Get away, damn you!" He lifted his fist above Ootah. His face purpled. Ootah raised his lithe body, his muscles quivered like drawn rubber. His black eyes flashed proud defiance.

"You'd fight me, eh?—you defy me, you —— heathen!"

His hand descended. Beyond the drum beaters ceased, the dancers turned—a surprised cry went up.

Ootah drew back, his face flushed. There was a red spot on his cheek where the white man's fist had struck. He felt a sense of momentary terror. The white men's methods of fighting were unfamiliar to the natives. A blow from the fist is a thing unknown among them. Ootah drew away—the bullying Newfoundlander followed.

"You'd beat our dogs, eh? Well, I'll show you, you oily husky!"

He called the dogs, and stooping to the treasured mass of blubber threw a great mass to the howling animals.

"Ha! ha! ha! guess you thought you were smart, eh?" A second team of dogs, released from their tethering, came wildly dashing shoreward. The whaler seized another mass of meat and flung it to the animals.

Ootah felt a flush of fierce indignation rise within him. His food for the winter, whereby he hoped to win Annadoah, that which might keep away the wolves of starvation, was being wantonly wasted. He saw his companions cowering at the sight of the white man—he drew himself erect. He saw the Newfoundlander turn and shout to his companions on the shore. Ootah thought of the saying, "Strike thy enemy when his back is turned." He seized a heavy harpoon handle, made of a great narwhal tusk, and swinging it high struck the Newfoundlander a terrific blow on the head. He fell senseless to the earth, his face bleeding. Half stunned he tried to struggle to his feet, but Ootah leaped upon him, and, as was ethical in the native method of fighting, trampled him into insensibility. The man lay unconscious, his face bleeding effusively.

Without a word Ootah continued loading his share of the game onto his sleds. Attracted by the attack, the other members of the trading party descended and surrounded the fallen man.

"Nice trick, eh?" laughed one. "Sam got his all right. 'Minds him right for being so d—— fresh." They surveyed Ootah. "Slick little devil," one said, handing Ootah his gun.

"Take it, son," he said, with maudlin magnanimity. "You've got nerve!"

Ootah smiled bashfully. "Later," he replied.

The white half-drunken traders, laughing at what they considered a clever trick, carried their companion into one of the tents and poured brandy into his mouth. Then they left him lying alone, half sodden, and

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returned to the shore. Some watched the natives working, while others clasped the native maidens in their arms and danced. Half afraid of the whites, flattered by their attentions, and extremely embarrassed, the little women jumped and danced in the visitors' arms.

Papik finally drew his single sledge load of walrus toward his tent. He had been rejected repeatedly, but now—with a load of blubber—he knew he could not afford to miss the opportunity of seeking a wife.

"Ahningnetty! Ahningnetty!" he hailed a chubby maiden who, breaking from the arms of one of the white men, was seen running toward her shelter.

"What wouldst thou, Papik?" she called.

"Papik would speak with thee. Ookiah, winter, comes, and his teeth are sharp. They will bite thee with pangs of hunger, and the meat Papik brings will make joyful Papik's wife."

Ahningnetty, summoning some of the other maidens, surveyed Papik's load of blubber.

"Truly, as he saith, there is little food, and happy will be Papik's wife," said one.

"But when thy blubber is gone with what shalt thou provide her?" asked Ahningnetty.

"Perchance the bears will come," Papik said. "And skilful is Papik's hand with the lance."

"But thy hand is long, Papik, and long fingers soon lose their skill."

"But thou art chubby—yea," said Papik admiringly—"thou art fat as the mother bears after a fat summer, and thy body is warm; it giveth heat; Papik would give thee food, and thou shalt keep him warm during the long winter."

The maiden smiled delightedly. For, as Papik indicated, whereas a man may admire a slimmer beauty during the summer, when the long night comes a maiden fat and chubby is a wife to be prized. For, not only can she live longer without food than a thin maiden, but the radiation of her body is an economic asset which is to be prized.

"But alas, thy nose is long, Papik," she said, shaking her head.

And the others chorused:

"Long nose, short life! Long nose—short life! Long nose—short life!" In anger Papik struck the offending member, and drawing his sledge after him proceeded toward his tent.

Assisted by a number of the natives, Ootah, smiling, exultant, drew five sled-loads of blubber up over the ice toward Annadoah's tupik. With their comparatively meagre portions the others followed. To Annadoah Ootah meant to show the spoils of his quest. To her he desired to present the greater portion of the riches he had by his prowess secured. Here was meat to serve them during the long winter, and in that region the catch was a priceless fortune. Surely Annadoah could not refuse him now. He had proved himself beyond question the chief hunter of the tribe. His eyes filled, his temples excitedly throbbed. He felt a greater joy than that the natives feel when the sun dawns after the long night. In his heart pulsed the sweet song of spring's first ineffable bird.

Not far from Annadoah's tent he paused. About him the natives, wondering, admiring, had gathered. He turned to them; he felt a strength, a dignity, an assertion he had never experienced before. His voice rose in a happy, ingenuously proud chant of exultation:

"From the bosom of *Nerrvik* have I not brought food for the long

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winter; yea, have I not for many moons sought to win in the chase that I might claim Annadoah? Annadoah! Annadoah!"

"Yea, that thou mightest claim Annadoah! Thou art the strongest hunter of the tribe," the natives rejoicingly chorussed.

"Did I not win in the muscle-tapping games?" he sang. "Did I not speed the arrow as none other—did I not speed the arrows as the birds fly?"

"Yea," they replied, "thou didst speed the arrow with the skill of the happy dead playing in the aurora—over the earth as the birds fly didst thou send the arrows. Strong is thy arm, Ootah."

Not far away some of the natives, joining in the chorus, began beating drums. The white men hilariously drank from bottles and joined in the merry dances.

"Did I not call the walrus and seal from the sea—as none other? Have I not lured the caribou from their hidden lair? Have I not enticed the birds, the foxes, the tiny hares by my calls—as none other of the tribes?"

In succession Ootah uttered imitations of the calls of the walrus bulls, the female caribou, the hares, and cries of the various birds.

"Have I not held converse with the animals of the land, the birds of the air, and shall I not one day perchance comb the hair of *Nerrvik* in the sea!"

The drums beat more loudly; the dancers hopped and leaped. The chorus replied:

"Thou lurest the walrus and seal from the sea, thou enticest the caribou; *ahmingmah* and birds unto thee! Thou hast learned the language of nature, and the happy spirits are kind to thee! Marvellous is thy power, Ootah."

And in the chorus, deep, hoarse, sneeringly ironical rang the words of Maisanguaq:

"Marvellous is thy power, Ootah," and his low bitter laughter followed.

The white men began to sing as they danced with the chubby women. In couples they rocked to and fro.

"Have I not killed of all the birds of the air, the animals of the land and sea! Have I not observed the customs of the august dead? Have I done aught to bring misfortune to the tribe?"

In spontaneous recognition of his preëminence the young men freely yielded Annadoah. Only Maisanguaq felt bitter.

Ootah summoned his helpers and the sleds of blubber were drawn to the immediate entrance of Annadoah's tent. He seemed to step upon air. His heart bounded.

"Annadoah! Annadoah!" he called. "Ootah waits thee. Ootah hath brought thee treasure from the depths of the sea. Strong is the arm and brave is the heart of Ootah when the arm strikes and the heart beats with the thought of thee."

Seeing him there, the natives ceased dancing. The white men, curious, drew near the tent.

As he stood there, his head erect, proud, expectant, he became conscious of a sudden ominous silence on the part of his companions. Some distance away the women were whispering to one another, and above, in the sky, circled the black guillemot.

"Annadoah," he softly called.

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Only the hawk replied.

"Annadoah, I bring thee my love, as constant as my shadow! I bring thee riches! Ootah would give thy couch new furs and caress thee."

From the brown, weather-worn sealskin tent came the murmurous sound of voices. Ootah heard the voice of Annadoah—and that of another.

The black bird in the sky screamed.

Not far distant in the tent of the *angakoq* Ootah heard the low disquieting sound of a drum beaten in some malevolent incantation.

His heart sank as heavily as a dead walrus sinks in the sea.

Something stifled him. Then the flap of the tent parted and Annadoah stepped forth, her head tossed haughtily, her beautiful eyes flashing.

"Get hence," she said. "Thou art a boy, thy tongue is that of a boy. Thou art soft—thou hast the heart of a woman."

"Annadoah . . ." Ootah's voice wailed. The stretch of shore seemed to heave and writhe. He put out his hands as if to ward off a blow.

Behind Annadoah, at the door of the tent, the form of a man stooped. As he emerged, Ootah saw he was taller than Annadoah's tent. His shoulders were broad and massive. His face, bronzed by the burning sun, was like tanned leather, hard, wrinkled; his expression was as grim as graven stone. His large blue eyes glittered with the coldness of flint. His hair and long curling moustache were blonde. Ootah recognized "*Olafaksoah*"—Olaf, the great white trader—whom he had seen two seasons before at a southern village. He was noted for his brutality and hard bargaining.

"What's all the noise about?" he growled. His voice was deep and gruff.

Ootah staggered back.

"Annadoah, Annadoah," he moaned softly, supporting himself on the upstander of his loaded sled.

Olafaksoah strode forward with great steps, scowling. He critically surveyed the loads of blubber and gleaming walrus tusks.

"Good haul, boy—good haul! Game's been pretty scarce all along the coast. It's lucky we got here in time, eh, comrades? What'll you take"—he turned to Ootah—"I don't know your name." He spoke in broken Eskimo.

"Ootah," Annadoah whispered, "that is his name. Ha-ha, thou callest him a boy." Ootah winced.

Olafaksoah, with heavy strides, passed down the line of sledges. Turning to his men, he called:

"Bring the junk."

A sled of matches, needles, tea, biscuits, knives, tin cups, a few hatchets, and several guns and cases of ammunition, was brought. While these were unloaded a half-dozen eager natives hastened into their tents and hurriedly brought out their portions of the preciously preserved skins and ivories of the meagre summer hunt. Clamorous, insistent, they presented these to Olafaksoah. They clustered around him so that he could not walk. Ootah watched as the bargaining began. He saw Annadoah clinging near the white trader. A number of the white men began dickering down the line with Arnaluk.

"Load blubber—one tin cup—box black powder."

Arnaluk shook his head. Olafaksoah cuffed him with his fist. The timid native did not have the courage to resent this brutality.

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"What d'ye want, you greedy savage—two boxes matches!"

"Two boxes matches—one box shooting fire—one tin cup."

Still he could not be persuaded to part with the precious meat. Olafaksoah swore and shook his fists. Fearful of offending the stranger, the women joined in and shrieked at Arnaluk, urging him to consent.

Unprotesting, he let them draw away his sled of blubber and tusks. He had a tin cup, matches and cartridges—which he could not eat.

"Rotten lot," Olafaksoah said to Papik, surveying his single catch of a young walrus.

"Two boxes fire-powder," said Olafaksoah. Papik refused. Olafaksoah browbeat him in a high voice. Finally he kicked him. "One case needles." He called Papik's mother and chucked her under the chin. She smiled at him, awed, flattered, half-afraid. Papik parted with his load for a box of ammunition and a few needles. In exchange for stuff of trifling value the white men secured by their method of threatening bargaining, loads of blue and white fox skins, caribou hides, and walrus and narwhal tusks which the natives had previously preserved. One man parted with five tusks, worth as many hundred dollars, for two gaudy handkerchiefs for his wife. Another gave several exquisite fox skins for a plug of tobacco. When they demanded more biscuits, tobacco or matches than were offered, Olafaksoah frightened them with threats. Yet they hung about him, eager for the almost worthless barter, for the time being valuing a box of crackers and allotments of tea more than their substantial supply of walrus meat. Finally the leader paused before Ootah's loaded sledges.

"What'll you take—a gun, fire-powder?"

Ootah shook his head.

Olafaksoah had recourse to his stock-in-trade of oaths, and told his men to bring a gun, two hatchets, ammunition.

Ootah was still obdurate. The natives' voices arose murmurously, for they felt it was not well to offend the strangers. During future seasons they might not come again, as they threatened, with ammunition and guns.

"Bring some crackers—tea," Olafaksoah paused. Ootah watched Annadoah nestling near the "white trader." He had forgotten all about the sledges of meat. He did not hear Olafaksoah. He still continued shaking his head.

"I'll be liberal with you, sonny," Olafaksoah indulgently increased his offer.

Six more boxes of ammunition, more tea and crackers were added to the pile.

Ootah again mechanically shook his head. Amid all of those about him, he saw only the face of Annadoah, golden as sunlight and pink as the lichen blossoms of spring. Through her open *ahttee,* or fur garment, he saw her breasts as tender as those of eider-feathered birds. The sight of her melted his heart, the streams of spring were loosened within him. Yet, with an agonized pang, he observed her gaze adoringly and eagerly at the tall stranger's hard face; he saw her quiver at the sound of his harsh, gruff voice. Olafaksoah's brutal masculinity for the time dominated the shrinking femininity of the girl. Ootah saw Annadoah beseechingly, almost fawningly, touch the white chief's horny hand. Olaf, the trader, was oblivious to this.

"Greedy, eh? Well, we need the meat! If we're goin' to stay here

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to chance hunting our dogs got to be fed!" More supplies were brought. Still Ootah did not speak.

The white chief presently gazed hard at Ootah. Then his eyes brightened with amused mirth. He saw the despairing, yearning gaze of the youth toward the girl he had selected to favor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed mirthfully. "I see. I've keel-hauled your Romeo stunt, eh? Want the stuff?" He kicked the supplies interrogatively.

Ootah sadly shook his head. He dully heard the vulgar gibes of the white men and the mocking laughter of Maisanguaq.

One of the natives began beating a drum. Ootah giddily caught an evanescent vision of women dancing with reeling traders. He heard Olafaksoah as he entered Annadoah's tent laughing heartily.

The thought of Annadoah in the embrace of the big blond man, of her face pressed to his in the white men's strange kiss of abomination, aroused in Ootah a sense of violation, an instinctive repugnance akin to the horror a native feels for the dead. All the ardent hopes of his life for many moons had centred upon his bringing the results of a successful hunt to Annadoah and asking her to share his igloo, to become his wife. And now, in his hour of high victory, after everyone else had acclaimed him, he was crushed.

A fervid fever seemed to take fire in his forehead and flush his veins, yet his heart was colder than ice, his hands and feet were cold. He felt as though some one were strangling him; he felt giddy, suddenly sick. At that moment he was too stunned to realize fully the blighting tragedy which had annihilated his hopes.

Nearby in her tent he heard Annadoah's voice, sweet as the song of buntings.

"Olafaksoah, Olafaksoah," he heard her murmur tenderly, "thou art a great man. Thou art strong. Thy arms hurt me, thy hands make me ache." Then Ootah heard the man's hard voice and Annadoah's repressed murmurs of mingled pain and delight. The day became black about him. He felt that he must get away; a wild madness to run seized him. He felt the impetus of the winds in his feet. Turning on his heel, his face to the north-west, he fled.

In the sky overhead the black guillemot screamed.

[*To be continued*]

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EDITORIAL NOTES

The Election and the People

THE political prophets have made their prophecies, and are waiting for the event to justify them. With curious unanimity, they have discovered that their own favorites are the favorites of the public, in spite of every indication that might deceive the obtuse or the faint-hearted. They have foreseen what they desire, and will in due time receive what they deserve. The candidates themselves have done their best, or their worst, according to the viewpoint of the observer; and the issue is now in the keeping of the people. For, big business and the bosses notwithstanding, the people still have the final word in the matter of their own government. They cannot be exploited without their own consent. They cannot be misgoverned without their own consent. Nor, on the other hand, can they secure a just, enlightened and progressive government, without their own consent, and their own resolution. And without a just, enlightened and progressive government, there is no true democracy.

The people have too often allowed themselves to be flattered, and flouted. They have been satisfied with the appearance of power, parting too easily with the substance. But both the appearance and the substance are theirs, if they wish; and with them, the responsibility. For where the power is, there is the responsibility. And where the responsibility lies, there lies also the accusation—if accusation be demanded by the abuse of power and the neglect of responsibility.

* * *

FAR too often, when fault has been found with the government of this country; when the decay of the republican spirit has been denounced, and the decay of the Republic foretold; the blame has been placed at the doors of certain men or types of men—financiers, political bullies, public defrauders. The blame may stay there, undisowned: but the greater blame, and the greater shame, is with the people who have chosen their

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masters, and submitted to the whip. It is idle for them to cry out, or seek comfort in vague promises of a "square deal" from professional politicians. Only the people can give the people a square deal; and it is time that the people recognized the fact; recognized their complete responsibility for the mistakes of the past, and their complete authority to provide for a new and better order in the future.

* * *

THERE are many who sneer at democracy as a system of government, counting it a proven failure, and the inevitable precursor of an oligarchy or dictatorship, avowed or concealed. There are others who are losing faith, seeing the feeble practice that discredits the firm theory. It is for the people themselves to silence criticism and establish their right to self-government, by proving that they can exercise that right worthily. The insincere have told them that they have already done so. If they believe this, if they believe that democracy can stand squarely on its past achievements, then democracy is condemned, and the experiment is finished. But if, seeing their faults and knowing the difficulties before them, they will forsake boastfulness and false confidence and undertake the business of government seriously and carefully, listening neither to the demagogue nor to the reactionary, learning from the past yet looking steadily to the future, then they may redeem themselves from the stigma that rests upon them. For there *is* a stigma; and it is little credit to those on whom it rests that they have so long failed to see it.

* * *

TOO long, far too long, have the people been flattered and cajoled, so that abuses have grown up, and tyranny has flaunted itself, that would not have been endured for many days by men in whom the spirit of the Fathers endured. The institutions that those Fathers devised and bequeathed to us, still preserve their outward form and semblance; but the power that gave them vitality, though not yet extinct, is enfeebled and vitiated. The men who revolted against a King and a Parliament beyond the seas, would not have tolerated the Murphys and similar parasites who have fastened themselves on the home soil, and, with

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a pretence of cheap benevolence toward their dupes and dependents, prey openly on the country and the people that have given them a welcome and a career, and received in return contempt. For these are not Americans, though technically they may claim the name. No man is an American,—though he trace his ancestry from the first Pilgrims,—who is alien from the American spirit, alien from the American character, alien from the American conception of honor and fidelity to trust. Yet the land is flooded with such aliens, placed or maintained in power by those whom they cajole and defraud.

* * *

It would seem incredible that a Tammany boss, with the degradation of public life and the systematic spoliation that he openly stands for, should even now be a factor in politics, presuming to discuss conditions, or to attempt to discuss conditions, with men of fine character and integrity. It would seem incredible that the people, who cannot claim inexperience in public affairs, should tolerate, throughout the length and breadth of the country, corruption or gross incompetence in their local or State governments. It is not that they are ignorant of the facts; they have seen, and they have been told, and re-told. But they are so familiar with false standards and criminal corruption, that few scandals can hold their attention for more than the passing moment. The keenness of the sensation is rapidly dulled, and with it, all spasmodic desire for reform. They are experts in forgetfulness, experts in tolerating the intolerable. It is a strange state of affairs that in a free country even educated men should shrug their shoulders at the revelation of some new knavishness, saying merely that such conditions have always prevailed, and always will prevail; that no man can fight the octopus of corruption. Not in such a spirit was this Republic founded, and not in such a spirit can it be continued and justified. Corruption must go, if democracy is to remain. And the first step is to discontinue the old lies to the people, and tell them the truth: that it is they, and they only, who have established and now maintain the vicious system of government by professionals, for professionals, against the people. But it is the people themselves who are entirely responsible. Let them grasp that fact:

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let them remember that it is not measures, or men, nostrums or palliatives, that we want; but common sense, and a public opinion that insists upon decency and will not tolerate shams. In this spirit let them exercise their rights of citizenship at the election, and vote, not for names and shibboleths, but for the principles that those names stand for: and if, on any ticket, there is a name that stands unquestionably for integrity, ability, and a high conception of public duty, then let them vote, not in accordance with hard-and-fast party prejudices, but in accordance with the dictates of patriotism and the imperative demand for rational reform.

President Taft

PRESIDENT TAFT goes to the country with a far better record than is generally recognized. He has been a normal Republican President, harassed by abnormal conditions and by an unprecedented personal attack. He has gone steadily on his way, making mistakes, but not neglecting the business of the nation or lowering the traditions of his party. He has not proved a magnetic leader, or shown the wide vision and indomitable resolution of the great statesman; but, at the end of his administration, he leaves the country prosperous and, on the whole, appreciative. He has been accused of weakness, and has justified the accusation; yet, as his personality becomes better understood, he is credited with firmness as well as patience, with integrity and courtesy, with the habit of industry and a preference for common sense as opposed to rodomontade. He has had valuable administrative experience; he has introduced some useful reforms; he has enforced the law without assuming the right to interpret it to suit his personal whims; and he has maintained the tariff while opening the way to a sufficient reduction based on proper investigation. He will no doubt be supported by the majority of his party and by a large number of those who are reluctant to exchange a tried and balanced administration for an administration of innovations and unrest, with the consequent commercial depression. If he were regarded now as he may be regarded in the near future, he would not be fighting a losing campaign.

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Theodore Roosevelt

COLONEL ROOSEVELT is handicapped by himself, and by his associates: for, with few exceptions, he has failed to secure such supporters as Oscar Straus, of New York—men who by their own personal following would add to the prestige of the party. The ex-President has still many friends; some sincere, hoping for progress; others merely carried away by the unusual personal magnetism of their leader. But he has lost all chance of support from the majority of reasonable men.

It is not pleasant to criticise severely one who has just been the victim of a lunatic's mania; but personal sympathy cannot be allowed to interfere with a definite public duty. Colonel Roosevelt has ability and aggressiveness; but it is travestying words to maintain that he has sincerity. He must be judged by his actions. A professed Republican, he has attempted to wreck his party rather than forgo a Presidential nomination: not until the regular nomination had eluded his grasp, did he discover any need whatever for a new party. A professed friend of Mr. Taft, he has attacked him with unexampled virulence—whether from a sense of public duty, or from thwarted personal ambition, the public may decide without much difficulty. Ashamed to admit that he had changed his opinions, as a man may legitimately do, he attempted to explain away specific statements that no one could possibly twist from their clear and intended meaning. He has adopted a platform of opportunism, constructed for vote-catching purposes. He has indorsed votes for women, in the hope of securing their support. He did not indorse votes for women when he was the undisputed leader of the Republican party, and did not need the support of the women.

Colonel Roosevelt will receive the votes of some malcontents and some enthusiasts from all parties; he will be supported by some genuine progressives, who are willing to ignore his record and trust to his promises; and he will be followed blindly by a large number of personal adherents, who want Rooseveltism, without knowing or caring what Rooseveltism may mean. It may mean progress: yet no one has a right to expect progress from a one-man party and a one-man government. Whether it

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might mean a dictatorship, none can say—least of all, Colonel Roosevelt himself. For he has gone so far, in the wrong direction, from his original standpoint, that he cannot now foretell anything about his attitude in the future—except that it will be dictated by personal considerations.

Woodrow Wilson

WOODROW WILSON received the nomination of his party after a protracted and bitter struggle. He was not the one outstanding figure, the inevitable standard-bearer. He went to the convention at Baltimore with a brief political record, and an academic reputation. Many of the rank and file of his party were unfamiliar with his personality, unsure of his ability as a leader, distrustful of his scholastic qualifications and associations. But since the nomination, the qualities that were known to his friends have become known more and more widely in the country. He has shown a definite and unusual capacity for leadership; he has already dissipated any ideas that he might prove a mere figurehead, to be manipulated at the pleasure of the professionals. He has shown strength, dignity, tact. He has inspired his own party with confidence, and his opponents with distrust of their chances in the election.

It is true that he would go to the White House without long administrative experience; yet such experience as he has gained as Governor of New Jersey should not be under-valued, while his exceptional knowledge of the theory and practice of government would stand him in good stead. It is as idle to depreciate such expert knowledge as it would be to decry technical training in any branch of industry or art. For government is both a business and an art. The real danger, perhaps, is not that Mr. Wilson would prove ineffective and plastic; but that he would be too resolute, too autocratic. But he belongs, if he may be judged by his public actions and utterances, to the type which does not repeat mistakes; which is willing to learn, slow to forget; the type which does not go backward, but forward; which expands as the environment widens.

Here, at least, is no impulsive boy or querulous egotist. He

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leads his party at the floodtide of its fortunes; and throws into the scale unquestioned integrity and high character. He has also the gift that is very closely allied to genius—the gift of success.

His chief weakness may be in the settlement of the dangerous and difficult tariff problem. The great majority of business men will not readily permit any tampering with the policy that has apparently been justified by the country's prosperity. Yet there is undoubtedly a strong demand from the consumer for the reduction of excessive rates, for a revision that, while protecting American labor, will remove the abuses of unchecked monopoly. It may be taken for granted that free trade is out of court as a practical issue. The question is whether the experiment shall be tried of revising the tariff on rational, and in some cases, on radical, lines, or whether the country will be satisfied with the more meagre reductions of the Taft administration.

Mr. Wilson will have practically the united support of his own party; for few sensible Democrats will waste votes on the third-term candidate in order to strengthen Mr. Taft's chances of re-election. On the other hand, some Republicans, dissatisfied with the present régime, will vote for Mr. Wilson; while many others who would regard the victory of Colonel Roosevelt as a catastrophe, will deliberately support the Democratic candidate, not because they necessarily prefer him to Mr. Taft, but because they regard the President as a losing candidate, and therefore accept Mr. Wilson as the only alternative to Rooseveltism.

The probabilities are that Mr. Wilson will win easily in the triangular contest, but will fail to secure the necessary majority in the Electoral College, so that he will have to wait for formal election by the House of Representatives.

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